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The Book of the Jubilee

1451—1901

GATEWAY OF THE NEW COLLEGE, GILMOREHILL

The Book of the Jubilee

In Commemoration of the Ninth Jubilee of the University of Glasgow

1451–1901

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LIBER · SÆCVLARIS · GLASGVENSIVM:

DEDICATED
TO
THE STRANGERS
WITHIN OUR
GATES

Preface.

FOUR hundred and fifty years have passed since the University of Glasgow was instituted. Throughout these years Alma Mater has never failed in her duty to Scotland: hers has been the national spirit—respect for tradition and love of progress. Her sons and daughters, occupying the world's proud posts of honour or doing the world's work in humbler spheres of life, hold tender memories of their student days, and look with love and reverence to the great mother of them all:

"*Ergo agite et laetum cuncti celebremus honorem.*"

This Book of the Jubilee contains the tribute of citizens of the University, and of friends without her walls.

We regret that pressure of work or indisposition has prevented the inclusion in the list of contributors of Lord Kelvin, Lord Lister, Rt. Hon. Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman, Sir Henry Craik, Lieut.-Colonel Babtie, V.C., and G. G. A. Murray, LL.D.

We feel deeply grateful to Sir Lewis Morris for his Ode on the Jubilee, to Mr. W. E. Henley, to Mr. Neil Munro for his kind assistance in many ways, to the Rev. Henry Grey Graham, to Mr. A. S. Boyd, to Mr. Muirhead Bone, to Mr. Francis Newbery, to Miss Macbeth of the Glasgow School of Art for the title-page design,

and to Miss Annie French of the same School for several illustrations.

We also gratefully record our indebtedness to Mrs. Campbell the constant friend of Queen Margaret College, and to Miss Galloway, who has kindly supervised the Queen Margaret section of this book.

To all the other contributors, her citizens, the University's best thanks are due. *Floreat Alma Mater!*

On behalf of the Students' Jubilee Celebrations Committee:

ARCHIBALD LEITCH,
ALEXANDER MACPHAIL,
CHARLES ALEXANDER YOUNG,
JOHN MUIR,
} *Editores.*

JUNE 12, 1901.

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Lord Rector's Foreword.

It is perhaps difficult to realize what is in the minds of Scottish students when they elect their Lord Rector. They ought to be concerned with only one idea, and that is his fitness for the duties of the University Court. And yet it is probable, so far as surmise can illumine a mystery so obscure, that there is nothing of which they think less.

Having found him, however, and chosen him by a process of selection which is their peculiar secret, they open to him opportunities of usefulness which are quite distinct from his nominal duties. It is, for example, indicated to him with imperious geniality that Glasgow is celebrating a Jubilee, that a Jubilee requires a commemorative volume from the students, and that such a commemorative volume would be sterile without a prefatory sentence from the Rector.

That functionary feels inclined to break out in the style of that famous letter of Tiberius to the Senate, which brought about the overthrow of Sejanus. For my information as to Jubilees is vague. They were, I understand, Jewish celebrations. Then they were adopted by the Papacy, and have, I believe, been considered at Rome as a periodical means of eliciting contributions from the faithful. For that purpose, indeed, the wholly inadequate figure of twenty-five years has been adopted as constituting a Jubilee. From Rome the Jubilee has passed over to Britain; and two of our sovereigns have celebrated this festival. From the throne the commemoration

has passed to the Cloister, and our University of Glasgow, following with some strictness the Papal precedent, celebrates a Jubilee, and summons the faithful to their usual function.

And yet there is something more in this commemoration than the mere collection of funds, though we wish all success to that portion of the ceremony. We have completed four centuries and a half of life. We are a long way from Pope Nicholas V., who was our founder, and from the University of Bologna, which was our model. As the centuries have moved, so have we; or we should not be here, full of life and vigour and repute, at the beginning of the twentieth. And, as we enter on our tenth half-century, let us not forget for an instant the secret of this vitality. It did not lie in blind adherence to the rule of Bologna or the standard of Pope Nicholas V. But it was by gradual adaptation to the wants of the age and to a vigilant analysis of the real requirements of our people. And in that path we must steadfastly continue. We must perpetually watch and test our machinery and methods to make sure that they are abreast of the times. We cannot afford in the world-race of empire to slacken our educational methods or lose a single point in the competition of intelligence. For the prize will be for the strenuous, and should Britain fail to make the best of the young minds and energies committed to her, it is safe to predict that our next Jubilee, if celebrated at all, will scarcely be a festival, and may be a regret.

Rosebery

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Relation of Civic to Academic Life.

I HAVE been asked to contribute a few pages to this attractive volume, with a special reference to the relations between the University and the City of Glasgow. The theme is one which the future historian of our *Alma Mater* —as yet the *vates sacer* is still to come—will find material for a tale of varied and wide interest. I can only touch it briefly.

The University has not been, like that of Edinburgh, the creation and foster-child of the city. "The actual promoters and founders of the College of Edinburgh," says Sir Alexander Grant, "were the Town Council and the Ministers of the City": and by the charter of James VI. the municipal authorities and the clergy "were entrusted, for ever, with the absolute control of higher education within the burgh." The control has been modified by recent legislation; but the Town Council still exercises a large share in the patronage of the University. In Glasgow it is not so. Our University, like all the pre-Reformation Universities, owes its being to the Church. Pope Nicholas V. (who instituted the Vatican Library) and Bishop Turnbull of Glasgow, were, in fact, the founder and the patron. It owed nothing to municipal protection or support. When the University was created there was no such thing as a municipality of Glasgow. William the Lion had granted a charter to the superior burgh of Rutherglen, which embraced the area of what is

now Glasgow; but Glasgow was under the wing of the Cathedral till long afterwards. It was the bishop who appointed and discharged provosts and bailies, at his own will and choice. Glasgow, cathedral city though it was, had no representative in Parliament till 1546, and did not reach the independence and dignity of a "free royal burgh" till 1611.

Before that time both city and University had weathered the storms of the Reformation, and each had bettered its fortunes. These in the 15th and 16th centuries had known vicissitudes. John Mair, writing at the very beginning of the 16th century, speaks of Glasgow as "the seat of an Archbishop, and of a University poorly endowed, and not rich in scholars," but "serviceable to the inhabitants of the west and south." Bishop Leslie, more than half a century later, after mentioning "a large village called Govan, which brews good ale, commended through the whole land," names its neighbour Glasgow, as "a noble town, the most renowned market in all the west, honourable and celebrate; there, before the heresy, there was an Academy, not obscure nor infrequent, nor of a small number, in respect both of philosophy and grammar and politick study."

The city began to expand in population, and even by the close of that 16th century, threatened to leave Rutherglen and Govan in the rear of its advance. The University suffered more severely than the town as the Reformation swept over it; and one of the earliest marks of the goodwill of the citizens is the action of the Town Council in 1572 in bestowing on it rents for the support of fifteen persons, "seeing that the College had fallen into decay for want of funds, and the study of the Arts was nearly extinguished in it thro' poverty." This was before Andrew Melville had achieved the resurrection and restoration of the institution which, but for his devotion and encyclopaedic learning, would have perished from inanition.

That the municipal authorities and those of the University were on friendly terms while he was principal, appears from their co-operation in dealing with a flagrant breach of discipline on the part of an obstreperous and contumacious student. But that the municipals, when the redoubtable Melville had quitted Glasgow for St. Andrews, had followed the prelatic multitude to do evil, yielding to the unscrupulous influences of the Court, may be only too clearly inferred from one of the counts in the "Greiffs of the Kirk" given in at Perth at the Convention of Estates in July 1582—*inter alia*, "The students of the College were invadit, and their blood cruelly shed, by the Bailie and community, gathered thereto by sound of common bell and stroke of drum. . . . And yet nothing done to the authors of the tumult and sedition."

When we come down from these old unhappy far-off times, and battles long ago, we find nothing, in the record either of the city or the University, to suggest anything but cordial relations between the two. The life of each was probably graver, and more burdened with thought and care, than it had been in the olden time, when men, if they studied hard, yet found leisure for, at least occasional relaxations of joyance and heart-easing mirth, such as the annual "gaudy day," when all the masters, licentiates, bachelors, and students, after hearing matins in the chapel of St. Thomas the Martyr, in the nave of the Cathedral, "rode in solemn procession, bearing flowers and branches of trees, thro' the public streets from the upper part of the town to the Cross, and so back to the College, and there amid the joy of the feast, the masters took council for the welfare of the Faculty, and gave their diligence to remove all discords and quarrels, that all, rejoicing in heart, might honour the Prince of peace and joy. After the banquet the whole crowd of masters and students were directed to repair to a more fitting place of amusement, and there

enact some interlude, or other show, to rejoice the people." We may be sure that at such a gathering the citizens were well pleased to be present, and that town and gown would festively fraternize. Such occasions did not recur after the rigid reformers had turned the monks adrift, had purged the High Church of its altars; and the greedy spoilers who, in the name of religion, robbed impartially Church and University, had left both impoverished and morose.

In the 17th and 18th centuries the link between the University and the city was all the closer, because they lived together in a cosy, homely, rather untidy neighbourliness, yet with a community of feeling begotten of their constant and familiar intercourse, which could not, undiminished, survive the transplantation of the older of the two partners to the north side of the Kelvin. The life of the University was more a part and parcel of that of the city when it dwelt in the High Street, and when the red cloaks of the *gens togata* brightened the sombre precincts of the Saltmarket and the Rottenrow, than it has ever been since the old haunts of the Muses were turned into a railway station, and the *alma quies* of the venerable courts and chambers fled, abashed before the blast of the furnace and the rolling of the wheel. Yet nothing could really sever the bond of identity which ranged the interests of town and gown side by side.

Long before "the Tobacco lords" were enriched by the Virginian imports—long after the coalfields and iron mines of Lanarkshire had lined the Clyde with wharves and shipyards and reddened the sky of Glasgow with the nightly glare of their industries, the merchant and the manufacturer had a pride in the renown of the seat of learning, which gave a lustre to their city in the world of letters, which outshone its fame in the world of trade. They sent their sons to study the

THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS FROM THE PARK

Humanities in the old College; they founded bursaries to maintain poor scholars during their curriculum; they recognized the welfare of the University as an essential element in the welfare of the town. And as time went on the value of its services, not to Glasgow only, but to science and learning at large, grew always higher in general estimation. The philosophy of Hutchison and of Adam Smith; the scientific achievements of Cullen, Black, and Hunter; the classical culture of Richardson and Young, reflected a glory not on the city alone, but on our country, that has never faded. The productions of the Foulis press were one, only, of many proofs of the common intellectual interest and sympathy with learning that animated the community, which, but for the University's quickening influence, might have lapsed into the materialism of mere worshippers of Pluto.

Nor was the University unmindful of the civic interests, or backward in lending a helping hand to unfriended genius,—as in the case of Watt. It was the University and not the city, that protected his experiments from the unintelligent interference which would have crushed them in their cradle.

I have said that the removal of the University to its present site could not but interrupt, to some extent, the intimate and constant intercourse which had marked the relations of town and gown in earlier days. But the city has followed the University. Possibly there may have been a vague feeling of estrangement, when first the old familiar scenes were forsaken for the grand Gothic edifice on the outskirts of the city. But ere long the municipality also migrated from its well-worn City Chambers to marble halls, even grander than those of Gilmorehill; and its members must have realized that to dwell in more sumptuous lodging need make no difference between good friends, who have stood by each other in humbler circumstances, and visited each other under

lowlier roofs. We do not forget that when, as usual, the sumptuous lodging of the University cost a good deal more than was expected, it was the citizens that generously helped us to make up the balance,—as no doubt they will do again, if occasion arises.

I hope they do not forget how much the life of mercantile Glasgow owes to the moral and intellectual influences that it has been the University's aim to exert; the testimony it has borne to the Empire of Idea—to the spiritual as nobler than the material; to the meanness of mammon worship, and the real excellence of the life of patient study—of earnest thought—of unselfish endeavour—of loyalty to truth. As long as it teaches these things, and as long as its teaching keeps its hold on the mind of this great city, there can be no relaxing of the bonds of the amity which unites the two. Neither can do without the other. Take away from Glasgow its industry and commerce; and we all should feel the pinch of chill poverty, and all our activities would fall under dull arrest: take away its science and learning; and it would become earth-bound and narrow-hearted, no pulse of diviner life beating in the blood of the slave of mammon.

Which may God forbid.

R. Herbert Story

Universitati Glasguensi

Natalem Quadringentesimum Quinquagesimum Celebranti.

Πεντάκις ἐννήκοντα κύκλους τελέσασ' ἐνιαυτῶν,
χαῖρε, φίλη Μούσαις καὶ Χαρίτεσσιν ἕδρα·
μητέρα νῦν σεμνήν σ' ἀσπάζεται ὄχλος ἀπείρων,
θρέπτρα τίνων ἀγαθοῖς εὔγμασι πανταχόθεν·
5 νῦν σέο μέμνηνται πάντῃ χθονὸς εὐρυοδείης
οἷσι Καληδονίας δόξα μέμηλε πάτρας.
οὐ ξένος ἦν, βασιλεὺς δ' ἐγχώριος,[1] ὅσπερ ἀπ' ἀρχῆς
βούλετο Πιερίδων ἐνθάδ' ἰδεῖν τέμενος,
γείτονα Γλασκώβης εἰδὼς τόπον ὡς καλὸς εἴη
10 ἀέρος ἐς κρᾶσίν τ' ἀφθονίαν τε βίου·
κείνου δ' Ἀρχιερεὺς Ῥώμης[2] φιλόμουσον ἐπαινῶν
μῆτιν ἑκὼν ταύτην νεῦσεν ἑκόντι χάριν,
αὐτὸς ἐὼν σοφίας μελετήμασι τῶν ἐφ' ἑαυτοῦ
οὐδενὸς ἐν κλεινῇ δεύτερος Ἰταλίᾳ.
15 κεῖθεν ἀπ' ἀρχαίας νομίμων τῶν ἐνθάδε ῥίζης
ἔστιν ἔθος γνῶναι κἀς τόδε σῳζόμενον·

[1] Line 7. James II. of Scotland (1437–1460).

[2] 11. Nicholas V. (Tommaso Parentucelli, the chief founder of the Vatican Library: 1447–1455.)

μνήματα γοῦν ἱερᾶς Ῥώμης ἔτι τοῖσδε μαθηταῖς
πορφυρέας κεῖται θεσμὸς ἔχειν χλαμύδας·[1]
ἔθνεα[2] δ' ἡ νεότης ἐς τέσσαρα πᾶσα δέδασται,
ὡς τρόπος Εὐρώπης ἦν ὁ παλαιότερος.
τοῖον ἄρ' εἰν ἀστοῖς, ἀκτῖνί περ ἀρθὲν ἀμαυρᾷ,
τοῦθ' Ἑλικωνιάδων ἐξανέτειλε φάος·
ὡς δ' ὁπόθ' Ἡφαίστῳ τελέων δρόμον ἄλλος ἀπ' ἄλλου
θεῖ διαδεξάμενος λαμπάδα καιομένην,
τὴν δ' ἄνεμοι δονέουσιν, ὁ δ' αἰεὶ ζῶσαν ἀνίσχει,
εὖ δὲ δραμὼν ἄλλῳ πῦρ παρέδωκε φέρειν·
ὧδε καὶ ἐν πολέμοισι καὶ ἐν στάσεσιν τόδε θεῖον
ἐξ ἑτέρων ἕτεροι φέγγος ἔσῳζον ἀεί,
ἔστε γαληνὰ πορὼν ἐκ χείματος ἤματα δαίμων
τοῦ πάρος ἐκλάμψαι κρεῖσσον ἀνῆκε σέλας.
Μνημοσύνη, σὺ δὲ φάσμα δόμων ἀνέγειρε παλαιῶν,[3]
ἔνθαπερ ἦν Μουσῶν τοῦτο πάροιθεν ἕδος,
οὓς πόλις εἶχε πέριξ, τῇ νῦν πόλις οὐδὲν ὁμοία,
οὔτε κατασκευαῖς οὔτε βροτῶν ἀριθμῷ·
ἀλλὰ πύλαις κάλλος τι προσῆν μεγάροισί τ' ἐκείνοις,
ἦν δ' ἀρχαιοπρεπὴς ἀμφιχυθεῖσα χάρις,
ναίέ τ' ἐκεῖ μνήμη σκιεροῖς ἐν δώμασιν ἀνδρῶν
οἳ πάρος ἐς σπουδὰς ηὐδοκίμουν σοφίας.
ἀλλὰ τὰ μὲν προλέλοιπε, νέοις δ' ᾤκησε μελάθροις
ταὐτὸ βροτῶν τόδ' ἐὸν κτίσμα παλαιγενέων,
ἔνθα παρ' εὐδένδροισι τεαῖς, Κελβῖνε, ῥοαῖσιν
ὑψόθι σεμνοτάτοις πύργος ἔπεστι δόμοις.[4]
νῦν δ' ὅτε συγχαίρει μεγάλη πόλις, ᾗ τεθαλυίᾳ

[1] 18. The scarlet gown worn by students.
[2] 19. The four *Nationes* into which the students are divided.
[3] 31. The old College buildings in the High Street of Glasgow.
[4] 42. The new buildings on Gilmore-hill.

ἡμετέρα σοφίας κοινὰ τέθηλε τροφός,
45 πᾶς μίαν εὐχέσθω ταύτης ὕπερ αἴσιον εὐχὴν
Πατρί τις ἀντείνων χεῖρας ἐπουρανίῳ·
μουσοφιλῶν ἔτ' ὄναιο φίλη θρέπτειρα μεριμνῶν,
κλῆδας ἀεξινόου, μῆτερ, ἔχουσ' ἀρετῆς·
πὰρ προγόνων δ' ὅσα τοῖσδε φέρεις πολύτιμα πολίταις
50 ἔμπεδα καὶ γενεαῖς ταῖς μετόπισθε μένοι.

Richard C. Jebb

Glasgow University Life in Olden Times.

It was in a time of trouble and poverty, of wild feuds and wars and assassinations, that in 1450 the Pope issued a bull for the erection of a *studium generale* or University in Glasgow—fifty years after the first University in Scotland was founded in St. Andrews. The little town—consisting of churchmen clustered near the cathedral and fishermen and small burghers in thatched houses and clay hovels—was deemed most fit for such a seminary "by reason of the healthiness of its climate, the plenty of victuals, and of everything needful for the use of men." It was endowed with all the privileges as it was formed on the model of the great University of Bologna—only it was endowed with nothing else, for "it came into the world as naked as any individual," a college historian declares. At first we find it installed in an old building in the Rotten Row—its ruins, known as the "auld pedagogy," to be seen in the last century. Nine years afterwards Lord Hamilton bequeathed to it four acres of land in Dovehill and a tenement in the street leading down from the cathedral to the Market Cross, near the Place of the Dominican friars. There, on what became the High Street, where a new College was to be built, the masters and students took up their quarters. In recompense for this pious gift the donor required that twice a day, after meals, the masters and students should rise and pray for his soul, and for that of his

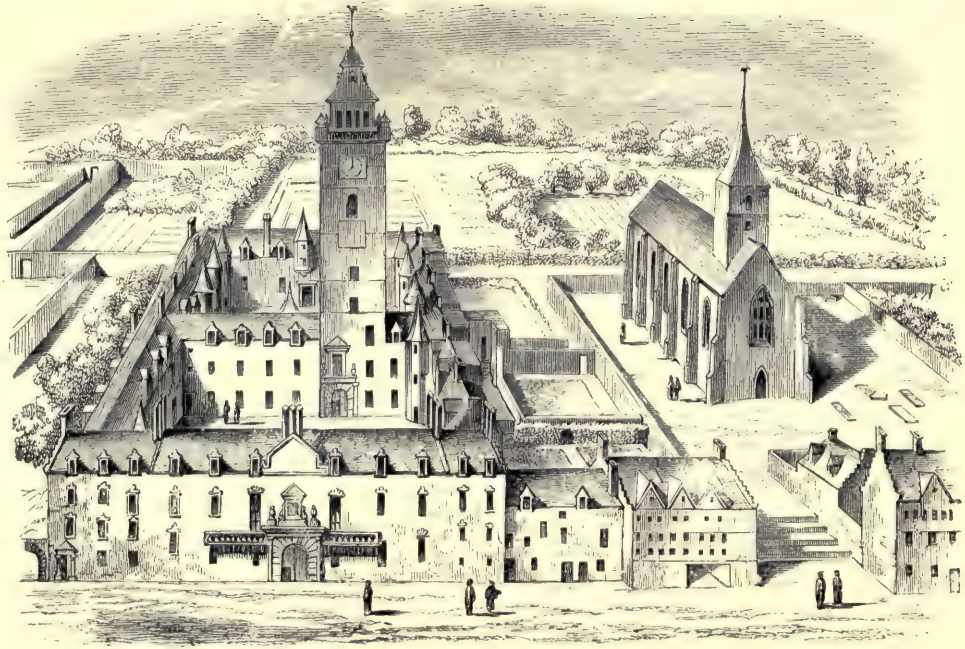
spouse, Euphemia; for in those days pious founders who lent to the Lord exacted very high interest. The College held its convocation in the cathedral; had annual meetings of the students in the dark crypt at the altar of St. Nicholas, where they chose a rector by a majority of "nations"; for as the great European universities divided students into "nations," since scholars came from many countries to study, so did this poor pedagogium, though the "nations" were only students from different districts of Scotland. They had their cheerful festivals, as on the feast of St. Crispin, when the procession with flowers and branches passed to the Cross and back again in great rejoicing, and feasted in the Common Hall with frugal festivity, spending the rest of the day in plays and interludes, in which the masters acted. With all this they were desperately poor, their buildings were going to ruin, and as they had no money to repair them, in a few years their thatched roofs got decayed, "the plain stanes on the riggin" were broken down, and the Faculty were at the end of their wits and of their funds to keep up the poor fabric. A hundred years after, we find only part of the school and chambers is "biggit"; the students, preparing for monks' rules or priests' orders, are wofully few, and the building is in total dilapidation.

Then came the Reformation; away fled Popish churchmen, students and masters, and when we see the august University once more all that is left of it are twelve individuals: a principal, three regents, four poor students, the principal's servant, an oeconomus, a cook, and a janitor. To such a miserable remnant are the functions and privileges left, with a meagre revenue of £25 yearly. No more solemn convocations, no joyous processions, no post-prandial prayers for the pious donor and his wife, whose souls, we may trust, no longer need their Aves. From St. Andrews in 1574 came that stalwart reformer and universal scholar, Andrew Melville, who had lectured at Paris,

Poictiers, and Geneva, and he constituted the whole teaching staff in himself, lecturing on Greek (when very few protestant clergy in Scotland could read the New Testament in the original), on Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, prelecting on scholastic philosophy, on physics, on logic, rhetoric, chirology—in a course which lasted for six years. With such success did this omniscient regent teach that the rooms were soon crowded with students from all quarters—many of whom in time became regents—and his admiring nephew James exuberantly records, "There was no plaice in Europe comparable to Glasgow for guid letters during these years, and for guid, plentiful, and cheap mercat of all kinds of langages, artes and sciences."

It was in 1631 that the College in the High Street began to be reared on the site of the ruined buildings, and for years there was the noise of masons and of wrights; the anxious pondering of the Faculty over wages to the workmen at 6d. a day, and the quantities of "drink-money"; there were visits to the banks of the Clyde, when the Broomielaw was only a river-side covered with broom, to watch the boats or "cobbles" come in laden with Norway deals, for they could get no wood at home, or to the Cross to see the sledges come laden with Swedish iron, for no iron could be got in Scotland. These articles were got from ships that had been unloaded at Irvine or Dumbarton as the Clyde was too shallow for them to reach the town.

The College life went on the same throughout the 17th century, whether presbytery or prelacy had the upper hand. Accommodation was hard to get in the little town, and the University was anxious to keep a close superintendence over the youths lest any moral evil befall them. It was, therefore, in chambers within the College they sought to lodge as many as possible. When the scholar arrived there was given to him the key of his chamber, the accommodation of which was small and



BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE OLD COLLEGE IN THE 17TH CENTURY

its furnishings severely scanty. In a room where four lads were to lodge, there would be two standing beds, a table, four desks or "studies," with shelves for their books and hard forms for their persons; for all which there was charged for the session from eight shillings to half-a-crown according to situation on the turnpike stairs. The Faculty being intensely nervous about the safety of the garnishing they gave, a careful inventory was written, and solemn compact made with the occupants to keep their valuable fabric and goods without detriment. Here is a specimen of these curious documents: "We under-subscryvours, having received the key of chamber 5, plenished with thrie standing beds, thrie studies—the one in the east corner with shelfs, a tabel and a furme, another at the back window with a table and fixed furme and a shelfs, and the thyrd at the fire with a table a furme and shelfs, a broken lock and key on the first study, with sufficient lockes and kies to the other tuo, a coll house with a broken door, a chimney with whole windows, and ane sufficient lock upon the same chamber door. Doe obledge ourselves to keep the chamber in good care as at this tyme." [Here follow the numbers of the five under-subscribers.] Should any wilful damage be done, the person "delated and found guiltie of breaking the glass windows or other detriment" was publickly and ignominously whipped and extruded from the College. Such was the law since 1667.

Keys these scholars had, but no privacy, for the most vigilant watch was kept over all their words and doings—not merely by the censor appointed out of their number, who might, or might not, inform the authorities—but by the regent whose charge it was for the week to visit the apartments. At nine o'clock his cautious footsteps were heard creaking up the turnpike stair; he turned the key to discover if all are behaving themselves seemly—no cards, no dice, no play books; he inquired if they have been

careful in secret prayer, for by regulation "he is to discover what conscience each makes of secret devotions morning and evening." Thereafter, blowing out the tallow candles, he took his departure. At five o'clock next morning the steps of the Hebdomadar—as he is called—again mounted the stairs, to waken the lads and see that all were soberly behaving; and at six o'clock they were summoned by the College bell, which was "ting-ed" or "pulsit"—signal for all to meet in the common hall for prayers and praise and reading of Scripture, by the glimmering of candles in cold, dark winter dawn. With empty stomachs the lads went to the classes, listened to the prelections, always in Latin, in which the Regent lectures on Greek or physics or philosophy, till nine o'clock, when again the bell was "ting-ed" or "pulsit," and they flocked into the hall for breakfast. At the upper table sat Principal and Regents in their gowns; at other tables were the divinity students or "theologues," and the arts students, vaguely called "philosophers." At the chief board there was set down a "sup," or soup, of fine wheat bread, and also dry bread and ale; or, on three days of the week, "fresh caller eggs" and fresh butter. Meanwhile the boarders partook of a soup of oat loaf, "good and sufficient," of one lb. weight, to be divided amongst three, with bread and drink; on other three days they had one egg each. Truly it was a rigid and frigid fare which Mr. James Stirling, the furnisher, had provided for youthful appetites. After this not too substantial repast, preluded with a long grace and concluded with a grateful blessing, the classes met again. At 12 o'clock the bell sounded for dinner, and hungrily they sat down once more. If it be on "flesh days"—Sunday, Monday, Tuesday and Thursday—the masters had their broth, or skink—a succulent soup made of cow's hams—sodden beef, roast mutton, with wheat bread and "good stale ale"; which is varied on "fish days" by kail, a herring, two courses of fish, and a roast

of flesh. The boarders, in their turn, dined, on "flesh days," on an oat loaf divided into two, a "taylie," or lump of beef "sufficient for four," which all shared from the same wooden platter and cut up with their own clasp-knives, but on "fish days" they luxuriated exceedingly on two eggs and a herring. It is evident that their stomachs were not gorged, neither were their palates pampered.

When classes ended, at five o'clock, they might go where they pleased, but out of the College they must not pass bearing sword or dagger, for there had been quarrels and assaults, and even murder, which brought grief and scandal on the College. Not a word but Latin must be spoken within College precincts, not even in play, and to secure obedience to this rule, as well as to that against profane oaths, "clandestine captors" or censors were chosen out of the "poorest students," as most likely to have least dignity or scruples in spying on their comrades; and on the report that any had spoken Scots the offender was to be mulcted of 6d. Scots for every transgression.

At length supper hour arrived, and once more there was the scramble of scarlet gowns into the hall. The masters were regaled with broth, or skink, roast mutton and a hen; or, on a "fish day," they had "stamped kail," eggs, some roast flesh and stewed plumdamas—that is damascene plums or damsons,—at all which the Bursars must have looked with envy as they took their humble fare of "soppes," and bread and milk, or a dish of fish "enough for four," eaten from one platter, and with the fingers, as no forks were used. Such was the fare, dismally monotonous, far from sumptuous, which was laid in the College Hall. It may be presumed that it was at the upper table, with its richer provender, that the boarders of high quality sat—such as my Lord Lorne, who lodged in chambers with his pedagogue and two pages,

and Lord Torphichen's son, who had a pedagogue and one page.

In time this plan of common table was found irksome—the Principal and professors preferred to have their meals in the bosom of their families, and a regent in turns would take his post at the head of the table, though he often did not turn up. Students by favour often got their food in their rooms, and the custom gradually died out in the next century, when living in College became less and less frequent.

Let us enter the class-rooms. They were small and very dark in the dreary winter mornings, with the light of guttering tallow candles. The class was opened with prayer, not by the regent, but by students, who on successive mornings took their turns. When a youth began to flounder agonisedly in precatory Latin, there was delight unbounded amongst his classmates, and there was pleasing emotion when it fell to the lot of some scapegrace whose varied accomplishments did not include "wrestling" in prayer. In the beginning of the next century the scandal was felt too much, and only sober-minded students were called upon. The regent took his pupils right through the whole curriculum from the bajan class on to the final or magistrand class, prelecting through three or four years on Greek and mathematics (when there was no special professor for these subjects), on logic, moral philosophy, pneumatics (which included the nature of spirits, angels, and deity), and natural philosophy—aided by very poor apparatus, of which the University was very proud, rejoicing in a double-barrel pump and a telescope in the highest state of inefficiency. The class-room rang monotonously with the names of Aristotle and Porphyry, of Burgerdicius and Ramus, of Vossius and Puffendorf. This multifarious course took a great deal out of the professor, but put extremely little into the students, and it was a boon

both to teacher and scholar when this preposterous system was abolished in 1726 and a special professor was assigned to each branch.

After the labours of the week, Sabbath came, but brought no relaxation. At seven o'clock the morning bell sounded, and all met in the hall for worship, and after their meagre breakfast they were marshalled to church as the College Kirk bell rang at ten o'clock, taking their station in the loft, where they were under the vigilant inspection of their regent, except when profound interest in the preacher riveted his eyes or profound slumber riveted his eyelids. At 12 o'clock they were back at the quadrangle and at dinner, and again at church from 2 till 4. But there came no rest. They must appear before their several regents to be questioned on Ursin's Catechism and prescribed parts of Scripture, to be examined on the texts and contexts of two sermons and a lecture which they had heard that day, and then to retire sedately to their chambers. There they must improve the hours and themselves by pious reading of godly works, such as Rutherford's *Letters*, Sibbe's *Bruised Reed* or the *Balm of Gilead*, which proved no balm to them. The regent would come in to see if they were properly engaged, and not gazing idly from the window; to see that each had his Bible and "made conscience of seeking God chiefly in secret prayer"—though how he did this without watching them at their genuflections, it is difficult to understand. It was altogether a most serious day not merely in the silent, solemn College, but in the town. An English student, Mr. Josiah Chorley, at classes about 1670, has recorded his pious delight with the still solemnity of Glasgow city, its deserted streets, the sounds of psalm singing that came from the weavers' open doors, and from behind the merchants' windows—whose blinds were funereally drawn to prevent the sight of this world interrupting their view of the next.

Nor was this depressing austerity due merely to gloomy

presbyterianism—it was the same whether presbytery or episcopacy ruled. The same inquisitorial regulations come from episcopal days in 1664 as in covenanting times of 1646.

It was a curious, nondescript body of youths which filled the College in those bygone times—youths from the Hebrides and the westland counties; from England—whence came sons of dissenters to get that education Oxford and Cambridge refused them; from Ulster—whence lads came to be trained as schoolmasters or ministers. There was a strange babel of voices and accents—Gaelic, Scots, English and Irish brogue; and a strange mixture also of classes from hut and manse and mansion—my Lord Lorne, and crofters' sons from Argyllshire; my Lord Cathcart, and weavers' boys from Paisley.

Many of these were wretchedly poor. If they did not live in college, they lodged in garrets or hovels in the Drygate—their food made from the supply of oatmeal which their fathers sent from home, with a herring, which was cheap. Thus frugally fed, they were frugally educated, for their college expenses were four dollars to the one regent they attended. The records of the University give glimpses of the poverty of many of its sons, in the items of its expenditure; such as "By charity for severall poor students in theology and philosophy, £124 [Scots]." "To 45 poor students, theologues and philosophers, who were in great distress this year of dearth, £300 [Scots]"—this in 1696, which was one of the seven "hungry years" of dearth and almost starvation, which lasted till 1701 in Scotland.

In truth the University itself was in an abject state of impecuniosity. They had enough endowments wherewith to live, but not wherewith to flourish. Here was a college so miserably poor that it could not afford a professor of Humanity. Yet students were expected to speak, to pray, to dispute in Latin; to follow the lectures which till 1729 were always spoken in that dead language.

Whatever knowledge of it the lads had was gained at home or at parish schools—taught by men who had only £5 a year as salary. In 1686, a luckless regent of Humanity retires in despair, for his salary of only £20 is five years in arrears and the Faculty is obliged to announce that they must have no more Latin taught "as the entire college revenue is super-expendit." They promise, however, to pay the poor man his arrears out of some expected "grassums of Munckland"—the "grassums" being the sum of money paid by tenants on entering on a new lease. High hopes filled their academic breast in a few years,—1690—because after the rabbling of the curates and the establishment of presbytery, so many parishes were vacant from lack of ministers to fill them, that the University as heritors had some stipends unclaimed in their pockets. But the plan failed even though they purposed making the regent of Latin teach also Civil History for £30 sterling—as a "pleasing and taking maner of inculcating principles of vertue." At last, in 1705, they boldly appointed a student, Mr. Andrew Ross, to the post —his income to be paid out of some "grassums"; and, without public disputation, he was only required to give "tryall of his skill" in producing within three days an English version of Tiberius's letter to the Senate from Tacitus, and a Latin version of Lord Loudoun's speech to the King. Even this test of learned profundity exceeded what was exacted from the professor of Greek the year before, which consisted of an analysis of 10 prescribed lines from the *Iliad.*

Poor as the regencies were—only worth £40 in salary—there was no lack of candidates. The selection was made after public disputation on some Latin thesis in the hall, before the Faculty, when they spoke, declaimed, disputed for days. On one occasion fifteen appeared, and declaimed so "excellently well" that the Faculty were obliged apostolically to draw lots to decide on a professor—each

disappointed candidate going off with a consolatory £5 in his pocket.

The session concluded in April, with the great ceremonial of Laureation. Painful preparations had been made by each regent of philosophy to qualify as many as possible in his magistrand class for this degree, for he knew that every scholar capped would produce a fee of a guinea to replenish his empty purse. The regent wrote the thesis, and the candidates had publicly to dispute or defend it. This thesis having been printed at their own charges, one copy on white satin, with a pair of fringed gloves, was presented by a respectful deputation to the patron of the year. They met in the Tron Kirk, for the concourse of ministers, gentry, and merchants with their families was too huge to find room in the common hall. The regent mounted the pulpit, began with a Latin prayer, and the prayer was listened to with respect and decorum—because in those days the students were able to understand it. Each in turn declaimed in Latin, denying or defending the proposition. The dispute ended, the candidates withdrew to the kirkyard, and anxiously waited among the tombstones till each was called in in order of merit. The session now closed for the year. The empty quadrangles were only enlivened with flitting forms of regents and their children, the chambers were deserted, the class-rooms left to dust and dirty silence; for the scholars had departed,—the rich riding with their tutors to their mansions, the poor trudging on foot to their distant homes.

In the old University Books one finds curious glimpses of the quaint frugal life, records of the sums spent on the entertaining of the Secretary of State "with wine and sweet-meats"; on a few pounds of seed, ranunculus, anemonies, and tulips, for the pleasant gardens behind the college; on butter and herring as fee or present to their Edinburgh lawyer. The hospitality might be

sincere, but it was not lavish. In 1690 they had an "extraordinarie dinner" for magistrates and the friends of the University "at the opening of the College table," and this banquet cost them £34 Scots—or about £3 sterling—which was the expenditure of about one shilling a head for wine and victuals. The Lords of Visitation came, and they must needs be feasted, for they are august functionaries; yet the feast cost only twenty shillings. Yet the Faculty felt they had need of economy as the 17th century drew to its close, for there was "bad money" coming into their hands from "grassums," from rents and fees of students, and this money being depreciated or "cried down" was a serious matter. There is a minuted lamentation at the "crying down" of "milled crowns and half crowns," by which £60 Scots is lost; they dispose of "cried down" coins to the amount of 827 merks of French pieces, three pounds of "babies"—this, it is necessary to say, means only bawbees—"72 lbs. of Irish babbies, and French doggfeet," which entail the loss of £4 sterling. However, the University remained solvent in spite of these disasters over which they uttered their academic wails. Though poor, they were proud; they tenaciously maintained their right to independent jurisdiction over their students as conferred by charter; they sat in judgment on their own scholars, and dared any magistrate to imprison one of their number; and in 1710 we find the Rector demanding that fines imposed on three outrageous students by officious bailies shall at once be restored. The sword of the provost was sheathed in presence of the mace of the principal. When a murder was committed by one of the students, in a lordly way they claimed their right to try the culprit; but prudently formed a jury of fifteen honest men, who, not sure of their position or legal right to hang, as prudently gave sentence of "not guilty."

By the beginning of the 18th century the scholars had increased to 400—an unprecedented number, which was not exceeded for 60 years. Amongst them were 70 divinity students, and the classes were specially large, because after the re-establishment of presbytery in 1689, there was a rush of pious lads from farm and loom, having a "call" to the ministry and an eye to vacant livings.

It was a pleasant social life spent by the professors in the shady sombre college-yards, with their kindly intimacies among the homes in the quadrangles; their intercourse with merchants in the houses, surrounded with fragrant orchards and gardens, situated where St. Enoch's Square and Argyle Street now stand; their walks on the Green and banks of the Clyde, where the air was sweet and trees were fresh and the water was pure and clear in the river. Diverging from the Cross were four streets with quaint wooden fronts and Flemish architecture—forming a pretty, quiet, cleanly town of 12,000 folk—who made a fair business by flax and weaving, and herring and salmon curing. There was a pleasant amenity to the grim college in the spacious gardens, which sloped towards the Molendinar Burn, completely enclosed, and so private, that only students of noble quality had admission. They strolled in these seven acres of grass with gravel walks and flower borders and fine shady trees; while by a bridge they could pass over the Molendinar to the opposite bank, steep and finely wooded. Now, alas! all this is a mass of streets, warehouses, and sordid wynds, with multitudinous population of squalid and pale-faced more or less laborious humanity. When they came to die these old professors were buried in the kirkyard, within the college precincts, in a parcel of ground set aside for defunct principals and professors. On that spot one summer evening, in 1706, good old Professor Wodrow

walked out with Mrs. Stirling, the principal's wife, and lying down on the grass "stretched himself cheerfully on the place and said with great composure, 'Oh how satisfying would it be to lay down this carcass of mine in this place and be delivered from this prison.'"

With the 18th century many changes came—old fashions gradually passed away, the austere moral and religious atmosphere became more genial and human, old crabbed philosophies vanished, and medieval systems died out. New men with new manners came to these little dingy class-rooms, which they lightened with new science and philosophy—Simson, Hutcheson, Smith, Reid, Cullen, Black, who were to win fame for the old University.

Glasgow in 1864.

My recollections of Glasgow University go back to about 1864. The best thing that can be said for them is, that they are engaged with a state of things as obsolete as witch-burning. To a pupil of the University of St. Andrews, *Sancti Leonardi alumnus addictissimus*, as a descendant of Archbishop Sharp styled himself, the old College and Glasgow were places of undesirable exile. I do not know the topography of Glasgow, but the College stood in a quarter far from elegant or savoury. At Cologne, Coleridge counted, I think, "five and seventy separate stenches." I reckoned up to that number in Glasgow, and then ceased counting. The buildings had a certain antiquity (better work was pulled down in Covenanting times), but the rooms were so small and so low in the roof, that they were not pleasant places even at eight in the winter morning, when (if I do not err) some of the classes met. "All these things have ceased to be," fortunately for the present generation. The black and mouldy garden, or stretch of waste ground behind the quadrangle, was so far interesting that there Rob Roy stopped the duel between Frank and Rashleigh Osbaldistone. But, in Rob Roy's day, Glasgow was a pretty little town, and no doubt the gardens were then as beautiful as those of St. John's, or New at Oxford. In my time they were bare, black, and squalid; a sad change from our green

gardens of St. Leonard's, where John Knox, in old age, used to converse with young James Melville.

There was a flat kind of place that roller never knew, where we used to pitch stumps and practise, taking our lives in our hands. My friend Mr. Barclay nearly took the life of a divinity student with *his*. He was the fastest bowler in Scotland, and faster with underhand. His first ball levelled the divine as if with a scythe. His second again stretched him on the sod. His third was within an inch of the student's devoted head. The batsman then exhibited a flag of truce, and requested "the Jointer" to moderate his pace. There was no cricket club, I think, as the place broke up in April; and at Glasgow there was then no Rugby football, which we had just introduced at St Andrews. "All work and no play" (for there was nothing in Glasgow to play at) was my portion in life during my one session. My sole and purely mercenary object was to get the Snell Exhibition. Had I but known it, I "could have done it on my head," as the vulgar say. There was only a field of six, and they were not formidable. But I had the most abject reputation as a student. It was the custom for the professors to ask questions in lectures, and these queries men used to answer. At the end of term prizes were given by the votes of the students, and a plan which worked more fairly could not have been devised. But I never answered any questions, either from inattention, or indifference, or probably sheer ignorance. Consequently I was nowhere, and supposed myself to have no chance in the examination, and, therefore, overworked deplorably. When it came to paper work, things turned out otherwise, and I had partially rehabilitated myself by getting an open Exhibition at Balliol. However, the result of my low reputation was overwork, which I implore every one to avoid. There is no greater mistake.

A fearful ordeal was the Blackstone. Probably it still exists. That session was on a cold stone (like the Stone of Scone) in the queer old Chair with the hour glass. We who were in the Greek lecture first saw the tortures of the students of the Roman language. The only point which I remember is that somebody, translating Juvenal, spoke of "the screaming fathers." Mr. Ramsay gently drew his attention to the epithet. "*Squalentes patres,* the squalling fathers"; explained the victim. Now this was a natural but incorrect rendering. In the Greek Blackstone the competitors were my friends T. Shute Robertson, Donald Mackenzie, and (I think) Sir Henry Craik. Mr. Robertson was an easy winner; he came triumphant out of a good deal of "heckling." Probably Mr. Mackenzie and Sir Henry Craik were "runners up." I was absolutely last, being tried over a corrupt chorus of the *Choephoroi.* Æschylus could not have made sense of it, but Mr. Lushington could. To "sit under" so exquisite a scholar, a man so charming, was the chief compensation for a winter at that black old college. Mr. Lushington handed his book to another professor, and took the victims over the passages they had read, in all their minutiae, noting errors and difficulties, without book, like a man playing chess blindfold.

One day a student first read the Greek, making many false quantities. He then construed, taking in the Greek. Not a word was right, and he made *new* false quantities. "Mr. ——," said Mr. Lushington with a sigh, "you have made more mistakes than the words admit of."

The only other Professor whom I remember (for I was not in the Latin or English Literature lectures) was Mr. Buchanan. He was very old, but kept excellent order, looking like a Raeburn portrait, white, calm, and beautiful. He is among the happier memories of a time far indeed from gay: I fear that congenital inaptitude for the metaphysics prevented me from being able to describe his

doctrines. They were probably Hamilton's. Though I did not attend the class of Mr. Nichol, I rather distinguished myself therein, by writing a poem, which romped in a winner. The nefarious Jointer, who lived in the same house with me, attended Mr. Nichol's lecture, and asked me to write the poem, which he entered. Rather to my horror it won, and I declined to do the next one, so the Jointer did it himself, and was first again. Therefore, like the man in Theocritus, I left him to cull his own bays in the future. We lived with the sisters of the late Dr. Norman Macleod, kind old Highland ladies, and made the acquaintance of the great Doctor and his charming family; the only acquaintances I had.

It was a blessed thing when the Session ended, and we could boat on a part of Clyde which was still beautiful (I daresay it is not beautiful any longer) after the hours with papers in the Snell Examination. My friend Mr. A. Montgomery Bell and I were successful in that ordeal, about which I remember nothing except that one of the competitors, Mr. Campbell, kindly told me Kepler's Laws in quad ; and as they were set, I satisfied the curiosity of Examiners. They are something about the square and the distance, whatever that may be. Since that day I have seen nothing of Glasgow but the Railway Station : I have never beheld the glories of the modern University buildings. They who inhabit these "gleaming halls" may congratulate themselves that they do not haunt the black old quads, or stifle in the crowded little rooms that could scarcely contain the classes. The case had been entirely the reverse at St. Andrews—plenty of room there. The sea, the links, the fallen fanes, the gardens of St. Leonard's, the friendly little grey town, with the wide wind-swept street, the little set of gay idle boys who wore the scarlet gown, probably made one take harder than need have been to the commercial capital, the cramped old quads, the strange faces, the crowd, and emulation of Glasgow. The

Glasgow students of to-day, who "pluck the blossom of the flying terms" in happier circumstances, will forgive, I hope, this rather sunless picture of a session long ago. They may excuse it, remembering that I had left my friends, and that old and cold and grey Enchantress, who had, and has, my heart.

Andrew Lang

Ode on the Ninth Jubilee of the University of Glasgow.

This is a joyous day
For these loved haunts, where now for centuries long
Knowledge, a maiden half-divine,
Has made her favoured shrine.
This is a fitting theme indeed for song:
Thou dwellest here, thou shalt not pass away
Blest Influence sublime:
This is a joyous day, and a thrice-happy time.

The hurrying ages fleet
On rapid noiseless feet
The youthful generations speed away.
Here for their little day
They come; yet may not tarry long, but seem
Like some dim, fitful dream.
They come, they carry away their little treasured gain,
They pass into the rush, the stress, the strife,
The troubled stream of life;
Each year they stay while leas are bare and cold,
But when high Summer clothes the meads with gold,
By the old homestead dear, with restful brain,
The peasant-scholar stays until they reap the grain.
Sometimes t'would seem as if indeed
They earned with all their toil a scanty meed,

No fit reward for vigils innocent,
Chill lamplit dawns, dim eyes, and forces spent,
Deep thirst unquenched, vague aspirations high,
For peaks too faint and far for mortal eye.
The scanty meals, the solitary years,
The failures and the tears,
What has their cold and cloistered Queen to give
These youthful worshippers in haste to live,
Thro' whose full veins the hot blood courses fast,
While Pleasure with her gay train dances past?
What spell is this which keeps these young lives white,
Scorning all low delight,
And leads their struggling footsteps still
O'er rock and moor and fell, and trackless sands,
Where the white city glimmers on the Hill,
And at the gate, smiling with outstretched hands,
A gracious Presence stands?

Oh sore-tried Youth, agile of limb and brain,
For whom Life's mystic page scarce-opened lies,
Dazzling thy eager eyes,
Here hast thou toiled and shalt, and not in vain,
Ages have passed since first to this blest place
The future in his face
And thirsting for the emulous strife,
With heart and soul aflame,
From many a lowly cot the youthful peasant came,
And oft prevailed and gained the goal of Life:
Jurists, Proconsuls, Statesmen high in fame,
Divines, Discoverers, a noble band,
Honouring their mother-land;
Who in each century o'er land and sea
Have reared the glorious Empire of the Free!
Oh, reverend mother of a strenuous race,
We do acclaim thee and confess thee great,

CLOISTERS IN THE NEW COLLEGE, GILMOREHILL

Who, like thy sisters scorning Time and Fate,
Nine times to-day hast kept thy year of Jubilee!

To-day well nigh five studious ages crown
Thy glory and renown,
Not 'mid the cloistered courts and flower-faced meads
Of our dear Isis, lit with spire and dome,
Or her grave sister of the fen-land plain,
Is set thy chosen home.
But midst the clangour of the enormous town,
Life's stress and toil and pain;
While on the teeming river-reaches float,
Bearing their precious freight to shores remote,
The laden argosies her sons have made.
Not thine the brooding calm, the Academic shade,
Where comes no murmur from the world without,
Rude struggle, clamorous shout,
To mar thy musing day-dreams. Nay thou art
Of the loud world a part,
Triumphs of loom and forge from all the nations round
Adorn to-day thy hallowed ground,
Art's glittering pageants compass thee about.
Thou hast no time to dream,
And yet old Hellas bears with thee to dwell,
Naiad and Dryad love thy precincts well.
The ghostly Nymphs of Number and of Line
Are still, as ever, thine;
The Searcher tracks dread Nature's secret powers
Thro' the hushed midnight hours;
Nor ever, on thy patient selfless toil,
The blight of Mammon comes to vex or soil
The people's Academe.

Therefore, it is I bring,
I whose chief gift it is to sing,
This willing tribute of a hasty lay,

For I in our dear Wales have loved to mark
Sound learning's new-lit spark
Dispel at last the weary age-long night;
Have known thy altar fires from which it came,
And fed long time the flickering nascent flame,
Till now it shines a calm unfailing light,
From sister-beacons three,
By mast-thronged port, lone hills, and sounding sea;
And interchanging each with each,
Thy sons and theirs alternate learn and teach,
Hastening the dawn of Man's increasing Day;
Nor least of all because
One, near in blood and name,
Preferring Science and her fruitful laws
To the Bards' barren fame,
Spends here laborious days; content to see
Upon the busy Clyde,
Part-offspring of his hand and brain,
Mighty to rule at need the subject-main,
The steel-clad cruisers ride;
For these, and that I prize the noble thirst
For Knowledge which we gained from Scotland first,
Willing I keep, with you, this solemn Jubilee!

Lewis Morris

Note on the Progress of Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century.

WHAT progress has philosophy made during the nineteenth century, and what is its outlook for the future? No answer of any value could be given to such a question within the compass of a short note like this. I may, however, indicate two points in which we stand in a better position than at the beginning of the century: firstly, as regards the relation of philosophy to the other sciences; and secondly, as regards the nature of the questions which are now debated between philosophers.

1. In the earliest years of the nineteenth century the great movement of thought which had been initiated by Kant was showing its ultimate results. Kant, in his *Critique of Pure Reason*, had endeavoured to lay the foundations of a new philosophy in which the elements of truth in German Idealism, should be united with the elements of truth in English Empiricism. In the words of Green, he "read Hume with the eyes of Leibnitz, and Leibnitz with the eyes of Hume," and thus was enabled to get beyond the abstractions of both. Kant, indeed, began with an external synthesis of these two elements, but the new idea, which was working in his philosophy, and which became more and more clearly revealed as it developed, was the idea of a living and organic unity between the mind and the world it knows. And it was this idea that took hold of the minds of his successors and led to that

great constructive effort of thought of which the philosophy of Hegel was the highest, but not the only result. In this country there was no immediate appreciation of the new philosophy, but its leading thought found a kind of echo in the philosophical rhapsodies of Coleridge and the meditative poetry of Wordsworth. In such poetic expression, however, this thought could affect only a few minds, and it was unable to gain any general influence in opposition to the native traditions of the philosophy of Locke and Hume, maintained as these were by a powerful group of writers, of whom the chief were Bentham and James Mill. And even in Germany the effort at philosophical construction upon an idealistic basis had been carried out in a somewhat hasty and dogmatic spirit, and was soon followed by a violent recoil, in which even the fundamental principles of idealism became discredited. Furthermore, and especially in this country, the great advances of physical and chemical science, the immense development of trade and manufacture, and the political and social movements which accompanied it, absorbed the attention of the nation, and brought with them a kind of practical materialism, which the vehement preaching of Carlyle against mechanical and unspiritual views of life did little to disturb.

The dominant philosophy of the fifties and sixties was that of John Stuart Mill, who in the main was the faithful representative of the sensationalist psychology and utilitarian ethics of his father, although in both he made some concessions to opposite modes of thought, and generally showed a sympathy with speculative and practical idealism which was reprehended by the more consistent followers of Bentham. At this period the general view of scientific men was, that little light was to be got from philosophy on the special problems of science, and that the general problems of philosophy itself were beyond the reach of the human intelligence. At the same

time, causes were at work which were destined in the long run greatly to modify this attitude of thought. The great advance of biological and historical inquiry which was characteristic of the latter half of the century, of itself tended to correct the exclusively analytical habit of mind which was fostered by physical science. And Darwin, by bringing the idea of evolution into a form in which it could be used to direct the investigations of science, initiated a movement which has done more to alter the current of scientific thought than any other influence which has been brought to bear upon it since the days of Newton. It is true that the turn which Darwin gave to his explanation of organic development seemed to make it a powerful argument against all teleological theories. But it soon became clear that it was only the somewhat crude teleology of the ordinary argument from design which was affected by it, and that the conceptions of organism and evolution which had been introduced by idealistic philosophy were able to maintain themselves against any inferences from the Darwinian ideas. In other words, it became clear that the facts which Darwin and his followers were bringing to light, still more the facts of human history, were not sufficiently accounted for by his hypothesis, and that they were susceptible of a higher interpretation. Without entering into details, we may fairly say that the idea of evolution has acted as a kind of *Eirenicon* between different schools of thought, and, especially, that it has rendered possible an approximation between science and philosophy which at and in former times seemed absolutely unattainable. On the one hand, scientific men seem to be becoming aware that by the progress of their own studies they are brought into contact with problems, which cannot be finally dealt with without a kind of criticism of categories, such as is possible only on the methods of philosophy. And, on the other hand, philosophers have had to learn

that they cannot hope to find any satisfactory solution of their comprehensive problem, except on the basis of a thorough scientific analysis of the phenomena that belong to each special department of knowledge.

2. If, again, we look to the nature of the main differences which divide philosophers from each other, I think we may trace here also the same kind of progress. The field of controversy in philosophy has on the whole been much narrowed. The old oppositions between Materialism and Spiritualism, between Nominalism and Realism, between Sensationalism and Idealism rarely appear in their old unmitigated form. The Ideas of Kant as to the relativity of all objects to the unity of thought, and, on the other hand, as to the relation of self-consciousness to the consciousness of the objective world, are so widely accepted among philosophers that it is hardly possible for anyone to revive such abstract theories in their original one-sidedness. But Kant, when he thus closed the old controversy, himself at the same time opened up a new one. For, while establishing a *relative* unity between the inner and the outer life, and so between the theoretical and the practical reason, he yet maintained that it is impossible to establish an *absolute* unity or final reconciliation between them. In other words, he maintained the rationality and legitimacy at once of our knowledge of the world of experience and of our faith in an ideal world which is beyond experience; but he held that we can never do anything to fill up the gulf between the one world and the other. We cannot bring together the ascertainable facts of life and the demands of our conscience for something better; the phenomenal reality, which is all that is within the grasp of science, and the ideal, in the truth and reality of which we are compelled as moral beings to believe.

On the other hand, Kant's idealistic successors maintained that it is impossible to rest in such a dualism;

and, indeed, that it is ultimately contradictory and irrational to admit that there is an irreconcileable division and conflict between the different elements in the intelligible world, or in the intelligence which is its counterpart. Now the point to which I wish to call special attention is that the main result of the controversies of the past century has been to narrow the battle of philosophy to this issue. In other words, the conflict is now between those who follow with more or less fidelity in the steps of Kant, and those who, with whatever differences in detail, accept the main result of Hegel. We must, of course, construe this opposition in a large way to make it embrace all the philosophies of the day. For on the one side, there are many writers, of whom Lotze may be taken as the type, who would hardly recognise themselves to be followers of Kant; and on the other side, there are many elements in the philosophy of Hegel which would not be accepted by those who are with him in his thorough-going idealism. Still the main contrast is between those who adopt the Kantian view that knowledge is confined to phenomena, and that, if we go beyond the phenomenal world at all, we must find the basis of our faith in the conscience, the will, or the intuitions of the imagination; and those who hold that no such line of division can be drawn between the phenomenal and the real, or that the real is only the phenomenal seen in its unity and completeness. The limits of a note will not permit me further to develop this contrast, still less to argue in favour of one of these alternative views. Yet even what I have said may be sufficient to indicate that there has been some real progress in the past century, and that the future prospects of philosophy are not so discouraging as some would have us believe.

"Wir heissen euch hoffen!"

Edward Caird

Translation of the Dedication to "Faust."

The original of these stanzas was written in 1797, when Goethe, now nearly fifty, was attempting to complete the First Part of *Faust*, which he had begun in youth. The 'dim shapes' of the first stanza are the personages of the Faust legend as they haunted his young imagination.

AGAIN, dim shapes that once in days long past
  Wavered before mine eyes, ye draw anear!
Shall I essay this time to hold you fast?
  The old illusion, seems it still so dear?
Ye press upon me! See, I yield at last.
  Come from the mist and throng around me here!
The magic airs that breathe about your train
Thrill in my soul and make me young again.

With you the ghosts of joyous years long dead,
  And shades beloved, come glimmering from the haze.
Like some old tale, almost from memory fled,
  First love and friendship rise from perished days.
The old pain lives anew; once more I tread
  The wanderings of life's labyrinthine maze,
And mourn the comrades who, by fate denied
Life's boon of gladness, vanished from my side.

They hear not now, alas, my latest song,
  The souls beloved to whom the first I sang:
Melted the crowd that with me moved along,
  Dumb the first echoes that around me rang;

My words must greet an unfamiliar throng,
  Whose very welcome costs my heart a pang;
All, all whose faces brightened at my lay,
Live now no more or wander far away.

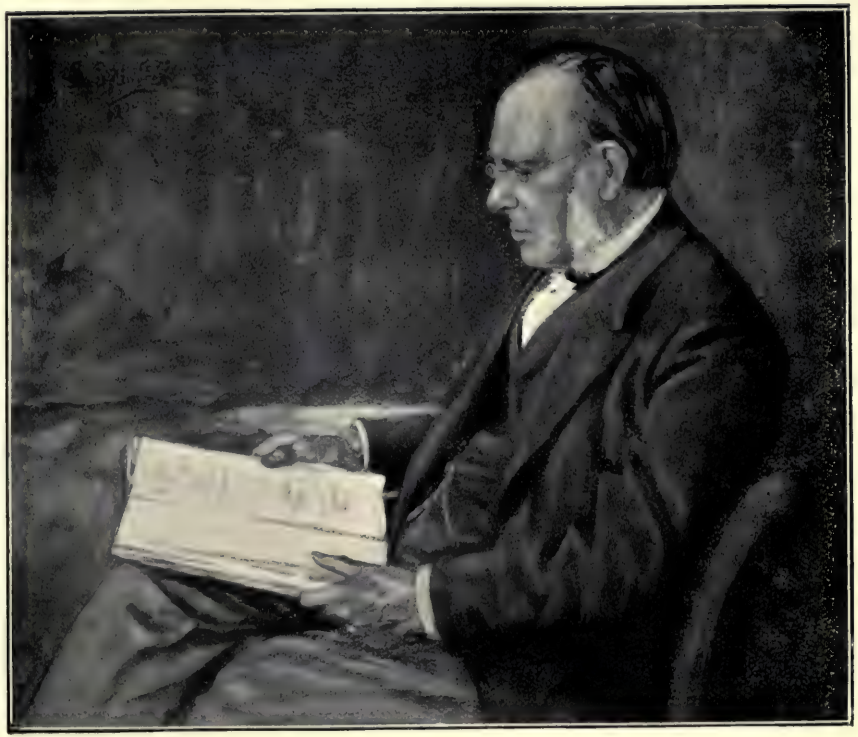
And o'er me steals a yearning, long unknown,
  After that still, that pensive spirit-land.
Like an Aeolian harp's uncertain tone
  Murmurs my song, by memory's breezes fanned.
My cheek grows cold; tear follows tear adown;
  And the firm heart is softened and unmanned.
All that is present as from far I see,
And that which died is all the world to me.

A. C. Bradley

Memories of College Life; especially in the sixties, and early seventies.

Predecessors and Colleagues in the Medical Faculty. Two Principals. The great Migration and its difficulties. Expansion of University ideals, and needs for practical teaching. The Glasgow Royal Infirmary and the Western Infirmary in their relation to the University.

I HAVE been requested to furnish some personal reminiscences of the University of Glasgow for a volume intended to be issued on the occasion of the ninth semi-centenary of the University. My qualifications for this task may be said to consist mainly in the fact that for quite thirty-eight years, 1862-1900, I held the office of Professor of Medicine, and have thus been very closely associated with the inner life of the University both in its old quarters in the High Street, and in the new and splendid educational palace at Gilmorehill. It would seem to be most fitting that I should dwell chiefly upon the earlier period of this record; for Lord Kelvin, with Sheriff Berry, the Master of Balliol, Professor Blackburn, and Professors Ramsay and Young, are now the only survivors of those who sat with me in the Senate-room of the old College, or who were lecturers within its walls from 1862 onwards. It will probably be accepted as appropriate that I should refer in this place, for the most part, to those who have passed away. Yet in the



SIR W. T. GAIRDNER, K.C.B.

case of Lord Kelvin, at least, it would be very pleasing to me to enlarge on the affection, as well as the admiration, that he inspired among all his colleagues, during a much longer tenure of office than any professor in my time, with the possible exception of the late Sir Robert Christison in Edinburgh. But of Lord Kelvin everything has been said that can be properly said, at the magnificent gathering for his jubilee some years ago; and it will be more fitting that this brief record should be framed upon the general principle of speaking of the dead rather than of the living; of forms and faces that have passed from observation, rather than of those that are still present with us.

On leaving Edinburgh for Glasgow in 1862, I had been for ten years an extra-academical lecturer on Practice of Medicine in the former place; and for some years previously (1848), at first Pathologist, and then Physician, to the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. It seems necessary to mention this, not only as bearing on the circumstances under which my professorial life was begun, but in order to do justice to the good feeling and sympathy with which I was received, not only in the Senate, but also elsewhere in Glasgow; and particularly among the students, at the very outset of my long career as a teacher of Medicine in the University. It might well have been otherwise, for there was at that time a pretty strong feeling that Edinburgh had had too much to say in Glasgow appointments; and I believe the members of Parliament for the city were strongly urged to resist this particular appointment being given to any but a local man. It speaks well, however, for the generous hospitality of Glasgow that, the appointment once made, the holder of it for so long a term can thus testify with a grateful heart to the warmth of his reception at first, and the uniform personal kindness and consideration with which he has been favoured, alike by old and young,

during what, at the time of his demission of office, amounted to almost exactly the half of his natural life.

My predecessor in the Chair of Practice of Medicine was Dr. John Macfarlane, who held the office for ten years, having been appointed in 1852. Of him I will only say that he was a very eminent and, I believe, very greatly respected physician, who, beginning life with a bias towards surgery rather than medicine, had attained at the time of his appointment the reputation of the most largely-employed and trusted consulting physician in Glasgow and the West of Scotland His appointment as professor, however, came to him too late in life; too late, I mean, for academic efficiency, as otherwise it was a most fitting recognition of his distinguished position in his profession. I had only a slight acquaintance with Dr. Macfarlane, and none at all with him, of course, as a teacher; but, unless all the reports that have reached me are untrustworthy, he was not a successful lecturer; while, as a teacher, he aimed at being a lecturer, and nothing else. He did not even (as his immediate predecessor, Dr. Wm. Thomson, did) occupy a position in the hospital, which would have been easily found for a man of his eminence and popularity had he desired to make his large stores of experience in the healing art available for bedside instruction. In this respect, however, Dr. Macfarlane only reverted to the traditions of his own early academic period, when a professor of medicine was considered to have done his whole duty to his pupils and to the University by a six months' course of lectures. Even of Cullen, the greatest physician who ever occupied the chair, I doubt if there is any evidence of his having taught *clinically* until after he went to Edinburgh University in 1756, and probably not for some years after that time. The Chair of Medicine in Glasgow University may not have been exactly a sinecure, but it was certainly a very easily held academic

position in the days of Charles Badham, M.D. (1827-41),[1] when Dr. Macfarlane probably may have attended the University as a pupil (if not indeed under his predecessor, Dr. Freer).

The professors who occupied chairs in the Medical Faculty at the time of my entering it in 1862 were—1. *Botany*, G. A. Walker-Arnott, LL.D. (appointed in 1845); 2. *Natural History*, Henry D. Rogers, LL.D. (1857); 3. *Chemistry*, Thomas Anderson, M.D. (1852); 4. *Anatomy*, Allen Thomson, M.D., LL.D. (1848); 5. *Physiology*, or *Institutes of Medicine* (as it was then called), Andrew Buchanan, M.D. (1839); 6. *Materia Medica*, John A. Easton, M.D. (1855); 7. *Forensic Medicine*, Harry Rainy, M.D. (1841); 8. *Surgery*, Joseph Lister, M.B. (1860); 9. *Midwifery*, John M. Pagan, M.D. (1840). In addition to these the venerable Dr. Wm. Mackenzie occupied, with European distinction (though without a seat in the Senate), the post of Waltonian Lecturer on the Diseases of the Eye (from 1828). With all of these men I had most pleasant, and with some of them most profitable, personal relations; several of them bore the the reputation of being admirable teachers, as well as skilled practitioners in their various departments; one or two were pre-eminent, as Allen Thomson (whose pupil I was at an earlier stage, but whose reputation went on even increasing, not only as an anatomist and teacher, but as one of the most influential members of the Senate); and Professor Lister (now Lord Lister) who laid the foundations of his immense reputation and world-famous labours on behalf of surgery and humanity, in the wards of the Royal Infirmary, Glasgow, and in the class-room of the Old College in the High Street. He is the sole survivor of the group above named, and I am sure he will corroborate my statement that we were, on the whole, a band of brothers, not without our little

[1] See the amusing sketch of Dr. Badham's Professoriate, by Dr. James Finlayson, in the *Glasgow Medical Journal* for May, 1900.

differences of detail, of course, but with one accord working in the interests of the University, and of our students, and with about as little friction, or obtrusion of personal differences, as any like group of men engaged in the service of a great institution.

When I left Edinburgh, and for some years before, it would be vain to deny that this state of (on the whole) harmony and mutual goodwill was by no means characteristic of the Faculty of Medicine in the University of my native city. I have been accustomed to say, that "there were giants in those days"; but they were very combative, not to say quarrelsome, giants. In the profession at large there was then (as always) I hope, a great deal of kindly and delightful intercourse, and an almost unbroken high standard of professional duty and honour; but the perturbations produced in medical circles by the "wars and rumours of wars" surrounding the names of three or four (or perhaps more) of our natural leaders was such as to make the path of younger men difficult, and the entire avoidance of partisanship, if not enmity, almost impossible to most of us. One effect of this upon my own mind, in passing into a new and more quiet medical atmosphere, was to impress it upon me as a kind of religious duty to avoid (as far as possible) everything tending to mere personal disputes, and, *per contra*, generally to "follow the things which make for peace, and the things wherewith one may edify another." It is a difficult attitude to maintain, and is sometimes apt to be construed as a weakness or "want of backbone" in those who occupy prominent positions; but on the whole, my chief regret in looking back over a long career is that, under the pressure of circumstances and of fancied duty, I was led sometimes in early life to depart from it, more than I can now justify to myself.

Passing now from the consideration of the Medical Faculty for a time, I should like to say a word about

two great officers of the University under whom it has been my good fortune to serve before the election of the present Principal in 1898.

Dr. Thomas Barclay, D.D., had held the office of Principal for four years previous to my appointment; having been elected in 1858, and retaining the office till his death in 1873. I had been acquainted with him more or less for a number of years before his appointment as Principal, when he was minister of the parish of Currie, in Midlothian. In those days he and the late Rev. Dr. Robert Lee of Old Greyfriars used frequently to divide, on disputed points, they two against the whole of the rest of the brethren. But as both my father and I held the minority to be in the right on most of these occasions, the future Principal suffered no disparagement in our eyes thereby. At an earlier period, when he was the minister of Lerwick, in his own native Shetland, Dr. Barclay had attracted the attention of Sir Henry Holland, in a way which the latter has placed on record in a charming volume, published in 1872, under the title of *Recollections of Past Life.* Visiting the Shetland Islands in 1840 (Sir Henry writes in a footnote, p. 58), "I heard an admirable sermon from the minister, Dr. Barclay. The following day this gentleman, with two or three other friends, accompanied me in a boat excursion to the Isle of Noss, wonderful from the wall-like cliffs with which it overhangs the sea. Passing round the rude promontory called the Bard of Brassa, our boat was caught by one of those gusts of wind which sweep suddenly and impetuously through these isles, and for some minutes we were in danger. All others lost their presence of mind; but Dr. Barclay, deemed one of the best boatmen in Shetland, seized the tiller, and by his firmness and skill brought us into safety. . . . Fifteen (?) years afterwards, having been previously translated to a ministry in the west (east) of Scotland, he became a candidate for the office of Prin-

cipal in the Glasgow University, then vacant. Lord Murray wrote to me begging that I would see Sir George Grey, Secretary of State for the Home Office, with whom the appointment lay. I did so immediately, and put the matter to him in its simplest form, expressing my conviction that a man who could preach such a sermon on Sunday, and on the next day save a boat from being swamped by his firmness and promptitude, was one eminently fitted for the government of young men, and of a great College. How far this contributed to it I know not; but Dr. Barclay received the appointment, which he has ever since held with high honour and usefulness."

There is perhaps a slight touch of irony in this; but Sir Henry Holland was a very good judge of character, and knew that Sir George Grey had access to other evidence of Dr. Barclay's qualifications than those which were thus humorously set forth. Be this as it may, I am able to confirm the impression conveyed that from this all-round wisdom and experience, as also from his marked independence and firmness of character and his whole-hearted devotion to his office, Dr. Barclay, as I knew him, was an excellent Principal. He was not eloquent, or even an orator at all, in the same sense as his successor. But no one could doubt for a moment his sincerity, his knowledge of affairs, his admirable tact and sagacity, and his goodwill to all concerned in University work. His predecessor, the Rev. Dr. Macfarlane, has always been described to me (for I never saw him) as a man of a remarkably fine presence. Dr. Barclay was not exactly that; but, though cast in rather a plain, or even rude, mould, he had a dignity all his own, and in the portrait by Macnee, which hangs in the Senate Room, with the long flowing beard and the quick observant eyes overshadowed by shaggy eyebrows, one seems almost to find something of the features of a John Knox in the nineteenth century, though he himself

would not have acknowledged the resemblance. As one very closely associated with him in his later years, I can testify to Principal Barclay's having filled his great office in such a way as to win the respect and sympathy of us all. He had many private anxieties and distresses, but he faced them all with a courage and unselfishness which won admiration, well expressed by Dr. Caird in the memorial sermon preached in the College chapel on the Sunday after Dr. Barclay's death. He was an admirable linguist, being especially expert in the Scandinavian languages; and was one of the very few men who could, I believe, decipher Icelandic and Runic inscriptions. He had also several other refined tastes and accomplishments, learned in early life, but which, from the entire absence of any love of display, he had allowed, in a measure, to fall into desuetude. In my medical intercourse with him, I had one very striking evidence of his clear-sightedness and force of character, which I will mention here, as it contains a lesson which I had occasion repeatedly to convey to my own pupils.

From the time when he was the minister of Currie parish, at least, Principal Barclay had been subject to severe asthmatic seizures, which yielded for a time to residence on two occasions for some months in Egypt, but recurred later on, accompanied by bronchitis, which was very disabling while it lasted, but which only brought out more clearly in his case the physical and mental vigour of a robust and, on the whole, imperturbable character, tending to the optimistic under many adverse conditions, of which these purely personal ones were by no means the most distressing to him. "I think my lungs must have been made of leather," he said to me after having suffered for about 30 or 40 years in this way, when I told him that he had come through all these attacks with wonderfully sound organs. In the earlier periods of this almost life-long illness he was attended by Dr. Craig, of

Ratho, who had as his assistant at the time one of my best pupils, a very devoted and intelligent young man, long since dead, as is also Dr. Craig himself. They sent me on one occasion a prescription, with the remark that the medicine indicated in it had been found of very great service in Dr. Barclay's asthma, but that neither of them could understand the *rationale* of the prescription. This was not very wonderful, as it was one of those excessively complicated instances of polypharmacy in which *(more Anglico)* fourteen or fifteen different and more or less active substances were combined in one inextricable blend, so as to defeat as far as possible all reasonable efforts to discover the *modus operandi* of any particular constituent. Yet it was a very favourable example of this particular kind of prescription, "elegant" in its form (to use the conventional word), and, as regards its effects quite worthy of the great reputation of the late Dr. Jephson, of Leamington, from whom it emanated as a purely personal compliment, after his retirement from practice on account of blindness. Dr. Barclay had met Dr. Jephson at the house of Sir Wm. Gibson Craig, of Riccartoun, and this prescription, with a number of very shrewd and clear-sighted directions as to diet, rest, and general hygienic precautions, were the results of the one only conference with the great English physician of the Midlands. At my suggestion, but after his own thorough and philosophical method, Dr. Barclay thereupon commenced a series of experiments in his own person on all the separate ingredients in this prescription which could by any reasonable interpretation be supposed to be its active principles, not discontinuing the complex form, but substituting from time to time simpler and simpler combinations, until in the end it was conveyed to him, and through him to me, that *iodide of potassium* was the agent that in all probability contained the curative virtues of the entire prescription. This was for me at the time, as a young teacher of medicine, quite a new therapeutic fact,

and from that time onwards I rarely omitted an opportunity of preaching iodide of potassium (as well as prescribing it) in bronchial affections, together with the lesson conveyed by the whole investigation as regards simplicity in therapeutics *versus* polypharmacy. Dr. Barclay retained his belief in this remedy to the end of his days, and used to take two or three grains of it three times a day as a potent factor in helping him through his attacks, though it could not intercept them entirely.[1]

Dr. Barclay died in 1873, being, I think, in his 87th year at the time. His death was in one sense sudden, that is, unexpected as to the precise moment (it was during a service in the College chapel, and I had seen him immediately before); but the long struggle with an ever-recurring disease, and with many and great personal anxieties, had completely exhausted a physical constitution originally of great vigour, and a mind which, almost to the very last, was receptive and intelligent, as well as sympathetic in no ordinary degree. No one, of course, will for a moment think of comparing Principal Barclay with his great successor, the Rev. John Caird; but those who were privileged to know both men intimately, and who were also aware of the widespread feeling of regret and sympathy on the occasion of his death, will certainly not fail in according to Principal Barclay the credit due to a brave man, cultured and generous in spirit, who during the whole period of the removal of the University buildings from the High Street to Gilmorehill presided over the deliberations of the Senate, and won the respect of all by

[1] Although this is not a suitable place for further discussion of this subject, I may be permitted to add that the properties here attributed to the iodides were quite unrecognised in the great work of Pereira, and, so far as I can discover, were unknown to the medical profession at large at the time of the incident here referred to. It is perhaps not easy to say how far the oral teaching above referred to may have indirectly influenced professional opinion, but the cardinal fact of the Rev. Dr. Barclay's logical analysis of Jephson's prescription has never been stated in print (so far as I know) until now.

his impartiality, his practical wisdom, and his absolute devotion to the work of his great office.

Of Principal John Caird, I find it difficult here to speak without repeating words which have been recorded elsewhere,[1] of one who was a member of the Senate as Professor of Divinity from 1862, and who after Principal Barclay's death in 1873 was with one accord hailed as the only fitting head of an institution of which he was all along the glory and honour. All the world knew of his great power and splendid career as a preacher; but no one outside of a very limited circle was in a position to know fully the simplicity, the earnestness, and the almost singular modesty, graciousness, and personal charm which lay behind his great gifts—of eloquence and philosophic insight. It seems almost like a contradiction in terms to affirm that one who was so much before the public was, at the same time, of a peculiarly retiring, sensitive, not to say shy, disposition; and yet it really was so. Nothing was more abhorrent to Dr. Caird than the least thought of personal glorification in his efforts in the pulpit, or, indeed, in any kind of public appearance. He would travel any number of miles to give help in a good cause or to assist a friend, perhaps in a remote country parish; but always under the implied condition that nothing was to be done out of the ordinary course in the way of making known his presence. When the great call was being made for funds to enable the University to change its habitation, and to shine out in a new and more stately home on Gilmorehill, the suggestion was offered in several worldly-wise quarters that a good deal of money could be raised if Dr. Caird would go round to the great centres of population and preach the gospel of academic rehabilitation in a series of well-advertised sermons suitable for the occasion. But I should be glad to believe that the

[1] See the short biography of Dr. Caird prefixed to the issue of his Gifford lectures, by his brother, the Master of Balliol, vol. i. p. cxxxiv. *seq.*

suggestion never was conveyed to him; for, had it ever reached his ears, the reply to it inwardly (however outwardly expressed) could only have been that of the apostle Peter to Simon Magus. It came, accordingly, to be clearly understood that while Dr. Caird would go anywhere, or to any person or body of persons, from ministers of State downwards, to lend his influence to deputations, he must not be asked to preach or in any way to take part in a worshipping assembly, the object of which was, directly or indirectly, the raising of funds for the building scheme then being promulgated. I do not know exactly where he drew the line—in the matter of ordinary or extraordinary "collections"—in places where he preached; but his instinct in this case, at any rate, was sure and clear.

At a later period he willingly officiated once a year in the College chapel, when it was understood and announced that a collection was to be taken on behalf of the Western Infirmary, but this he accepted as part of his clear duty as Principal, and to give the students (and especially the medical students) an opportunity of quietly contributing on a small scale to a work of public benevolence closely allied to and yet not strictly a part of their academic work. On these and all other occasions the simple announcement on the notice-board in the quadrangle that "The Principal" was to preach next Sunday—the announcement being made on Tuesday—sufficed to carry the news all over the town, and secure an enormous congregation. And it was the same everywhere else. Even when in an emergency he occupied, without notice, an unfamiliar pulpit, the news seemed to spread abroad, no one knew how, and to secure an overflowing congregation. Nothing could be more striking, and indeed more touching, to one accustomed to the ways of the "young barbarians" who are wont to give undue emphasis to their animal spirits in University public celebrations, than the rapt attention and

eagerness with which most of those noble "University Addresses"[1] were listened to by the undergraduates. They were in every instance read by Dr. Caird carefully from the paper, and were not at all in the pulpit manner, nor surrounded by the reverent ceremonial of public worship. They were also very long, rarely less than an hour, and would have been much longer but for the careful and determined suppression of parts which afterwards appeared in print. They dealt, it is hardly too much to say, with the "omne scibile" as far as it can be done in generalisations belonging to the nineteenth century. Being so much outside his own familiar region of thought and inquiry, they must have cost him an enormous amount both of reading and of hard thinking. Yet the impression given throughout was that the audience —town and gown alike—were fascinated into silent attention, and unwilling to let a single word escape them throughout a long discourse. Whether the matter of the discourse was of the more abstract or of the more concrete kind the effect was always the same. Those who knew beforehand that the address of the season was to be on Erasmus, Galileo, Bacon, Hume, felt sure that in these types there would be an interesting and profitable discussion of great general principles. Those, on the other hand, who had come to hear a dissertation on "divine philosophy" had a clear assurance that in the hands of Principal Caird such subjects as "The Unity and Progressiveness of the Sciences, History, Art, etc.," would be brought into close relations with life in various departments, so as to justify the words of Milton:

> "How charming is divine philosophy;
> Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
> But musical as is Apollo's lute."

[1] *University Addresses: being Addresses on subjects of Academic Study delivered to the University of Glasgow.* By John Caird, D.D., LL.D., late Principal and Vice-Chancellor of the University. Glasgow: James MacLehose & Sons, 1898. (The posthumous selection was made by the Master of Balliol.)

The very last of these remarkable discourses, April 13th, 1897, though shorter than some of the others, shews no falling-off at all, I think, in the vivid power and sterling eloquence characteristic of the whole series, the fruit of life-long meditation, and at every point full of strong human sympathies and diversified interests. This address, which (as the Master of Balliol tells us in the preface to the volume) "contains the last words which he was able to speak in public," caused not a little anxiety to some of us, who had occasion to be medically responsible for its delivery. Principal Caird had been struck down with paralysis two years before, in the middle of his second course of Gifford lectures. But, although his right leg was enfeebled, more or less (the arm almost escaping, contrary to the usual rule), the mind had been throughout clear and serene. When he was medically advised, however, not to encounter hard philosophic reading for a time he at first took to novels, and then, after getting tired of them, to Gibbon's history, which I believe he read again straight through. He even desired, after a time, to resume delivery of the Gifford lectures, three or four of which were completed in MS.: but in this matter he submitted to medical direction. The fear was, not that he could not think, or even speak, as well as ever, if he could be assisted to the rostrum; but that he might grow nervous in face of an audience, as even in his best days he sometimes apparently became, if emotion got the better of him. At last, after two years' waiting, he was known to be getting restive, and was applying his mind to a discourse on the contrasts between "General and Professional Education," with which he was greatly desirous of breaking the long silence. Dr. Tennent, who had watched and advised the Principal almost from day to day, was disposed to think that he might venture it, and after consideration and consultation I came to be of the same opinion, as the disappointment might have been more injurious to him than the effort, and he was sure, in

any case, of a generous and sympathising audience, who would greatly prize the effort, and overlook any possible or probable defect. The address, as it now stands, is a comparatively brief one, but I do not suppose that anyone will allege that it is inferior, or anything but a most fitting close to a noble series. But I had hardly left the hall where it was delivered when a medical friend who had been present said to me, somewhat reprovingly—"You should not have allowed the Principal to do that: did you not observe that he is becoming aphasic?" For the moment, I was staggered; for indeed there had been some hesitation and apparent difficulties of expression; but, as I afterwards ascertained, these were entirely due to the deficiency of light enough for reading his MS.!

Dr. Caird died more than a year after this, on the very day (1st August) on which he had completed 36 years of University service, 25 of which were in the great office of Principal; and it is safe to say that no man ever held that office with more unique distinction, and at the same time with more entire freedom from contentiousness and self-seeking. The peace which he enjoyed in his own breast he inspired in others, and I am sure that all my colleagues during his reign will concur with me in a feeling alike of pride and of gratitude in having served under such a chief.[1]

[1] With reference to the sometimes considerable length of Dr. Caird's sermons, I have heard it again and again remarked that he was the only preacher who could occupy the pulpit in the College chapel for approximately an hour without the audience giving signs of weariness, or anyone complaining that he had said too much. In these degenerate days this is a pretty severe test of oratory, in the pulpit or out of it. I do not feel absolutely sure that even Dr. Caird would have fared equally well with an English audience if he had much exceeded the customary half-hour; but I once had a long and interesting talk with a dignitary of the Anglican Church (who still survives), and who, being one of her late Majesty's chaplains, set it forth to me as a serious grievance that, while the Queen would allow Dr. Caird to preach to her for an hour at Balmoral, they who were accustomed to officiate at Windsor were strictly limited to twenty-one minutes at the outside! So that it was perhaps a matter of latitude as well as of longitude! And this suggests another criticism that was said to

Brief allusion has already been made to the fact that it was during Dr. Barclay's tenure of the Principalship that the movement was carried out by which the College of the University was transplanted from the site it had occupied for over 200 years among the slums of Glasgow to the magnificent position from which it now dominates the West End, amid open parks, and on an eminence on which Gilbert Scott's great building sits proudly four-square to all the winds that blow. The details of this great enterprise have been elsewhere and often recorded, and cannot fail to be fully commented on at the ninth jubilee of the University. But it may be permitted to one of the medical professors who witnessed this movement from almost the very beginning, to state here that the life and soul of this great undertaking were to be found in Dr. Allen Thomson, my first teacher of anatomy in Edinburgh (extra-academical), previously to which he had occupied the Chair of Anatomy at Aberdeen. In 1842 Dr. Thomson was appointed to the Chair of Physiology or Institutes of Medicine in Edinburgh, and, six years later, to the Professorship of Anatomy in Glasgow, which he retained with the greatest distinction for 29 years (1848-1877), being during the greater portion of that long period by far the most influential single member of the Senate, and certainly, both among the under-graduates and with the citizens at large, one of the most honoured of all the professors in my time. This exceptional position he owed partly, of course, to his high reputation, his unquestioned efficiency as a teacher and as a philosophical anatomist, but also to a certain tact and persuasiveness, a moderation of judgment

have been passed upon one of Dr. Caird's sermons by someone who was rather disturbed by doubts as to the theology thereof. "Don't you think" (it was cautiously inquired by one hearer in conversation with another) "that it was rather broad?" "Oh, yes," was the rejoinder; "it's just as broad as it's long!"

and adaptability which, without his appearing at all to dominate, gave him very great and real power to direct the opinion of men very far removed from his own special pursuits. In this latter respect Dr. Allen Thomson was probably without a rival among the members of the University Senate; and, speaking from the point of view of the Medical Faculty, I can only wish that he had had even "more power to his elbow" among the brethren of the Faculty of Arts, so as to have carried out, in a broader sense, when we were about it at any rate, some of the ideas which must have been present to his own mind as to what in its new form we have now got to call the University Extension Movement.

But in the sixties the Faculty of Arts was very closely controlled by our conservative Chancellor of the Exchequer, Professor Hugh Blackburn, who still, happily, survives, and who, I think, will hardly contradict me when I affirm that the prevailing conception of the requirements of a professoriate were a lecture-room (with a chair, of course!), a retiring-room, and a few other unconsidered trifles in the way of blackboards, chalk, diagrams, etc.; subject to the admitted exceptional needs of Natural Philosophy (which under Professor Wm. Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, could hardly be denied a claim to some kind of laboratory accommodation); Chemistry also, and Anatomy, which, if it was to exist at all for teaching purposes, must needs have a separate museum and a dissecting-room. Even this last claim, however, was rather grudgingly conceded by some of our colleagues in the Arts and Divinity Faculties, of whom perhaps the most representative of all was a reverend colleague long since deceased, a most amiable man personally, and in particular a great friend of Dr. Allen Thomson's. This gentleman once buttonholed me in the High Street to expound to me in detail his theory of a real—or rather an ideal—University. In the

Medical Faculty (he said in effect) there should be only two chairs; one dealing with the most profound generalisations in physiology, and one corresponding with it in pathology. It would be too much to suggest that this worthy man's ideas, in this extreme shape, had won any converts, but when he went on to explain that all the other chairs, especially the practical ones, though possibly useful in their way, were quite *un*academic; that hospitals and laboratories of all sorts (from the ideal University point of view) could only exist on sufferance, and that, above all, Anatomy was to be kept at a distance because it required a dissecting-room, I could not help thinking of Hotspur on the field of battle, and the lordly gentleman with the pouncet-box! But the outcome of it all was that those of us who saw in the University of the future a great congeries of institutes, all furnished, so far as required for teaching and research, with laboratories of one kind or another, and yet bound up into a whole by linguistic, philosophical, and scientific chairs of the old kind, representing the discipline of humanity in a broad and general sense, had to contend at every step for the means and the space demanded, and likely to be demanded more and more, by the expansion of our ideals. Even Dr. Thomson had to be content with an odd corner in the noble pile at Gilmorehill, instead of crossing the road (as he might have done) and occupying a fine and ample piece of ground which had been included in the original purchase, but which (alas!) was adjudged to be sold again owing to fiscal necessities.

And thus, before many years had passed after the migration from the High Street, the needs of the medical school were already again under discussion, and the anatomical department, in particular, had to be remodelled, by bursting out of bounds into those unsightly tinned-iron excrescences at the north-eastern aspect, which most of us knew so well, and regretted so much, until they were removed in favour

of a still further and more complete reconstruction, in connection with the plans for the new engineering laboratory. Everyone knows now the growth of opinion on this subject that has given rise, under the present Principal, to elaborate statements of the needs of the University in the way of practical and laboratory facilities in many departments, as well as in the medical faculty; and it is a noteworthy fact that some, at least, of the Arts professors have been among the most forward to foresee and to promote extensive changes, as to the urgency and necessity of which their predecessors were very hard to be convinced, even under the gentle persuasion and politic management of Professor Allen Thomson. The academic status of Anatomy is not only no longer in question, but every great scientific department of human knowledge claims to be taught upon lines similar to those which have long been recognised in Anatomy, Chemistry, Botany, Clinical Medicine, Clinical and Operative Surgery. The whole method and spirit of University instruction have undergone a revolution since the migration in 1870; and the resources and means provided at that date on Gilmorehill have been more and more felt to be antiquated, and latterly altogether inadequate.

My own personal attitude towards this revolution was never in doubt; but, at the same time, I have felt all along that it carried, in my own special department, so much reason and practical necessity on the face of it as to be little likely to be brought into controversy. From first to last I have held, and have preached by example as well as by precept, that a professor of medicine—*i.e.* of what has been technically called *Practice of Medicine* —must be a hospital physician; and that his hospital work and instruction form the one and only form of laboratory instruction which can be attached to his chair so as to keep his systematic instruction by lectures vivid and fresh and well up-to-date. Ten years of

teaching so conducted in Edinburgh before my appointment in 1862 had so riveted this conception in my own mind, that I should have been very seriously disturbed, and even afflicted with a sense of positive disaster, had anyone expected me to follow the precedent of my immediate predecessor (and I believe of all *his* predecessors except Dr. William Thomson), by endeavouring to lecture on systematic medicine without a hospital appointment. Fortunately, a vacancy occurred in the staff of the Royal Infirmary towards the end of 1862; and although the managers as a body, and according to the constitution, owed no kind of allegiance to the University or its teachers, they were kind enough to consider my application favourably; and so (as Professor Lister had, two years before, received a similar appointment on the surgical side) he and I were alike able to conduct our work in teaching without serious impediment, in its clinical aspects, as well as by lectures, till the time (1874) when we were required by the University to transfer our services to the Western Infirmary.

There was, however, a peculiarity in the arrangements which was far from satisfactory, and which shews how little organisation had at this time entered into the idea of clinical teaching. No physician and no surgeon of the Royal Infirmary had, at the time I am speaking of, what could be called a clinical *class*. The pupils entered their names in a book, and signed from time to time their attendance, not on any particular teacher, but simply as pupils of the Infirmary at large. Two of the four physicians, and a like number of the surgeons, were told off in rotation to give the instruction by two "clinical lectures" in the week; and, for the rest, all was confusion or happy accident, every pupil going to the wards just as much or as little as he pleased, and without reference to any particular course of tuition at the bedside—the very seat and centre of true clinical teaching. It was

impossible, on this happy-go-lucky plan, to feel that, either as regards the students or their teachers, the great resources of the Royal Infirmary were being fully appreciated or wisely employed. And accordingly, as soon as the Western Infirmary was placed in a larger measure and in a more permanent way, at the disposal of the University, new arrangements had to be introduced which did not settle into their present form without considerable discussion, but from which, I venture to think, all parties will now admit that very great advantages have been derived.

The hour of the Royal Infirmary visit and of the clinical lecture (so-called) in those days was 8.30 a.m., and as my systematic lecture in the High Street on Practice of Medicine was due at 10 a.m., considerable importance was, of course, bound to be attached to punctuality in beginning the visit or the lecture, as the case might be. I have a very vivid recollection of the bracing effect of these early hours on one accustomed to the later hours of the Edinburgh *régime*, where the visit hour was at noon and the systematic lecture at 3 p.m. It was, however, rather too much of a feat of mental and physical dexterity, so to speak, to compress a visit (statedly to three wards under ordinary conditions), a clinical lecture on certain days, and a systematic lecture immediately following, with a rush down the High Street intervening, into the brief period of two hours and a half daily for at least five days in the week. It was done, however, somehow; and as I was a very willing worker in those days, and, owing to being a new man in Glasgow, had a sufficiency of time on my hands, I often returned to the hospital alone after eleven o'clock to finish what I regarded as an incomplete ward visit. This was all very well under ordinary conditions, as aforesaid; but presently, and especially in the course of 1864 and 1865, typhus fever—the great epidemic scourge of Glasgow (now happily nearly extinct)—grew to

large proportions, and the way adopted in dealing with it was to charge it on as extra duty to the two physicians who were supposed not to be engaged in the clinical "lectures" at the time, and, only when the excess became manifestly overwhelming, to appoint a special physician *ad hoc.* Then, indeed, the life for the first time began to seem a burden to me; and, although I had no fear personally of typhus fever (having passed through a most severe attack in 1844 while still an undergraduate, and being always deeply interested in the subject), it occurred to me that some consideration was due to the limits of human endurance, and something, perhaps, to my double office as Professor of Medicine and Physician to the Royal Infirmary. In virtue of the former office I was a manager myself under the charter of the Royal Infirmary, but I did not choose to avail myself of any privilege on that account; and at the beginning of the winter session of 1865 (I think) the managers received from me a written request as from one of their ordinary physicians to be relieved from fever duty during the winter, on the ground that, although I had already done without complaint much more of that special work than any other physician acting at the time, I really had no power of doing justice to two large wards of fever cases, in addition to my ordinary hospital and academic duties. Then, indeed, occurred the nearest thing to "upsetting the apple-cart"—as a famous South African magnate expressed it—that has happened to me in the course of a long career in connection with hospitals (much longer now than any man in Scotland, or, I suspect, in the whole three kingdoms). The *supreme* and all-powerful manager of the Royal Infirmary at that time, being also chairman of the House Committee, was a man of great beneficence and public spirit, but of a pretty stiff backbone, and rather addicted to making himself *felt* (not to put it too strongly) whenever the medical staff appeared to him to be "putting on too much 'side'"—to use a slang phrase for once. To this

gentleman, accordingly, my only too humble petition appeared like the attempt of a recently-appointed physician to get a triumph over "the Board," and that, too, in the name and by the power of the University, an institution which the management had never acknowledged in any formal way as entitled to control clinical instruction.

In the correspondence that followed, extending well up to Christmas, in answer to my representation, it was conveyed to me by the Secretary that, in the opinion of the Board, the Royal Infirmary had the first claim upon me, and that all other duties must give way to those already intimated to me, which the managers did not see their way to modify, and therefore they adhered to their previous requirement. My reply to this was very brief—to the effect that while I should continue to act in the fever wards during the Christmas holidays, I should decline to enter them after the 1st of January, and must throw upon the managers the whole responsibility of providing attendance after that date! Tableau! The immediate result was that Professor Allen Thomson had to be called in (he was also a manager under the charter of the institution) to patch up a *modus vivendi*, which he did all the more readily because I believe that many of the members of the Board had by this time come to see that to push the quarrel to extremities would be generally viewed as an act of mere oppression, and that it was not worth while to administer a snub to the University or to a professor thereof, because he, *quâ* physician, declined to accept more work than he could adequately undertake without giving up his professorship. The result, not long after, was that Dr. Perry was appointed to be special Fever Physician; and so the situation was saved. After this, my personal relations with the managers of the Royal Infirmary (as with those of the Western later on) were always satisfactory, and their behaviour to me was generous in the extreme.

The one anxiety which beset us throughout the progress of the negotiations for the transference of the College to the West was, whether we could absolutely rely upon having the new infirmary, proposed from the first, ready and amply provided in time for the opening. The anxiety was not without grounds, as the event proved. But at the time that the subscription for the new buildings was started it was all, so to speak, *in nubibus*. It was true that, in respect of the £120,000 promised on behalf of the Exchequer (in the event of a like sum being locally subscribed), there was a distinct engagement that (I think) £24,000 was to be set aside for the building of a hospital. But everyone who had studied the subject knew that £24,000 would go but a very small way, and was, indeed, a quite inadequate sum for building an infirmary which could be relied on for the clinical instruction of many hundreds of medical students. It was necessary, therefore, at once to organise a separate fund for the erection, furnishing, and support of the Western Infirmary; and, although the general body of the citizens was probably in favour of this, as a valuable and much-needed addition to the charities of the city, there were not wanting some very influential persons who claimed that the Royal Infirmary (of which we are all alike, I trust, justly proud) should be, and should remain, the one and only infirmary for the sick and hurt within the bounds of Glasgow. It was only too easy to see and to feel the possibility of disaster in this direction, for the Royal Infirmary is three miles from Gilmorehill; and any wreckage, or even great insufficiency, of the scheme for the new Western Infirmary would have meant nothing less than paralysis, if not extinction, for the medical school. On the other hand, it was always possible, or even probable, that in the event of success the clinical requirements of the medical school of the University would be more adequately provided for, and

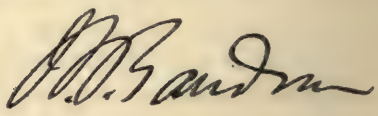
its claims more formally recognised than ever before. It is impossible here, of course, to explain the difficult and complicated, though, on the whole, satisfactory arrangements which had to be gone into in reference to a matter that was of such vital significance for all of us in the Medical Faculty. But Professor Allen Thomson was always confident, and always active and helpful. And we all believed in Dr. Allen Thomson.

Nevertheless, as if to give us a taste of the risks which we in the end escaped, it was found at the last, in 1870, that the Gilmorehill buildings were ready, while the Western Infirmary was not ready—no, nor yet for three years thereafter. Thus it fell to our lot, after all was done as regards the migration to Gilmorehill, to organise a temporary and makeshift arrangement, which, now that we can look back on it quietly through the vista of years, seems like escaping disaster by the skin of our teeth. The systematic classes, from Anatomy onwards to Practice of Medicine, were all to be conducted in the new University buildings; while the clinical work, both in Medicine and Surgery, had to go on during this interval as formerly, in the Royal Infirmary; the hour of visit, however, having been several years before (at the instigation of the late Dr. J. G. Fleming) altered from half-past eight to nine, while my class of Medicine was taken an hour later than before, viz., at 11 o'clock. At 10.40 a.m., accordingly, a service of swift omnibuses was provided at the Royal Infirmary gate, to convey all the students who had a class at 11 o'clock to Gilmorehill. The students, I am glad to say, entered into the spirit of the whole arrangement with diligence and punctuality; and on the whole the good work went on with surprisingly little detriment, though it was no small strain upon the learners and also upon some of us teachers, from 1870 to 1874, when the Western Infirmary was at last opened for the winter session.

But our anxieties were by no means at an end when the building, admirably planned and appointed as it was for the purposes in view, was ready for the opening, in November, 1874. By an almost inconceivable procrastination in some quarter or another, not a single patient had been admitted to the wards on the very day when the college was to resume its educational work, when the medical students were flocking into their class-rooms from all quarters, and when the makeshift arrangements above referred to had become impossible owing to the final severance—under direction—of all the medical and surgical officers representing the University from their posts in the Royal Infirmary, and their formal election to corresponding offices in the Western Infirmary! Fancy the searchings of heart with which all of us thus stood on the very threshold of a clinical course, due to a day, and even to an hour (according to precedent), at the very opening of the winter session, but in imminent danger of being starved or wrecked by a failure in the very material of bedside instruction, or even by imperfect knowledge on our part of what cases were, or might be, producible for clinical teaching! The suspense was great, but fortunately it was not very long maintained. The Western Infirmary was opened without a trace of ceremonial of any kind, and it is not too much to say that within twenty-four hours the beds then existing (but they have been more than doubled since) were full, so great had been the pressure going on for weeks for admission to the new institution. It was hard work, at the beginning of a new session, to have so many new cases to learn and to teach from all at once, but it was done; and so far as my own share of the experience went, there has never been from that time to my retirement last summer any want of abundant material for clinical teaching in the Western Infirmary. Nor can I express too strongly the deep and abiding sense I have, as representing an important chair

in the University, of the kindness and consideration we have received from the managers, of which a new and most signal evidence was afforded in the large and complete pathological laboratory erected for the late Professor Joseph Coats, and continued to his successor, Professor Muir.

Here perhaps these desultory reminiscences of an old and retired Professor had better be brought to a close. Bearing, as they do, on a particular aspect of a great subject, they are nevertheless a part of the annals of the University of Glasgow, and of its great "flitting," that might easily be overlooked, and are therefore not without a fitting place in the volume of its Ninth Jubilee.



THE SENATE LEAVING THE OLD COLLEGE IN 1870

ARRANGED IN ORDER OF PRECEDENCE

1. Principal Barclay.
2. Rev. Dr. John Caird (afterwards Principal Caird).
3. Professor Lushington.
4. Dr. Andrew Buchanan.
5. Dr. Rainy.
6. Sir William Thomson (now Lord Kelvin).
7. Dr. Allen Thomson.
8. Professor Blackburn.
9. Rev. Dr Weir.
10. Rev. Dr. Jackson.
11. Dr. Thomas Anderson.
12. Professor Macquorn Rankine.
13. Professor Grant.
14. Professor Nichol.
15. Dr. Gairdner.
16. Rev. Dr. W. P. Dickson.
17. Professor George G. Ramsay.
18. Professor Veitch.
19. Dr. Cowan.
20. Professor Edward Caird (now Master of Balliol).
21. Dr. Young.
22. Professor Roberton.
23. Professor Berry (now Sheriff Berry).
24. Dr. Leishman.
25. Dr. Alexander Dickson.
26. Dr. G. H. B. Macleod.

The Lerigmore Letters.

A CHAPTER IN JACOBITE HISTORY.

AMONG the Jacobites who fell at Culloden was the young Chief of Maclachlan in Cowal, who in his campaigning and in his exit was accompanied by a cadet of the family, Colin Maclachlan of Laglingarten, who had been a student in Glasgow University when the clans rose for Charles Edward. Through the kindness of the present laird of Mid Lerigmore, whose charter-chest contains material for a score of those pseudo-historical romances that are in favour at the moment, I have been permitted to make extracts from letters which were addressed by Colin Maclachlan in 1744-5 to John (Iain Dubh) Maclachlan, at that time Younger of Mid Lerigmore, a contemporary and companion of the unfortunate lad who died at Culloden. The letters may be of some interest as throwing light upon Glasgow University life a century and a half ago, and incidentally giving some hint of a love tragedy. Maclachlan's spelling, and occasionally his grammar, take some of the license of the period, and I have presumed in some parts to make both in more conformity with modern usage.

I.

SCOUGALL'S CLOSE, TRONGAIT,
GLASGOW, 31 October, 1744.

DEAR JOCK,

There is a cursed chime of bells clashing away at a tune called "Nancy's to the Greenwood Gane"

in the Trongait Kirk steeple, and the lad Macfarlane that shares the room with me is at this minute diverting himself with the rottenest chanter surely ever a reed squealed in; and there's the most deplorabe smell of roasting *halecum rubrarum* (there's Latinity for you!) being prepared for my Four Hours, and a wheen more Distractions, but still I take my pen in hand. Oh! Jock! it's me that wishes you were here or I was yonder in Strath Lachlan, for it would take more paper than I have placks for, and more of my pen than I have patience for, to tell you of my Exploits in Glasgow since I came to College.

When I left you at the Cross Roads on Wednesday was a fortnight, I bragged I could carry my half-boll of meal at least the length of Dunbarton, but I must be telling you I was gey sick of it before I got the length of Arroquhar. Who should I come on there but the carrier Campbell (him with the Reel Feet, as they call it here)! I claps my poke of meal upon the hinder-end of his cart, and told him to take it to my direction in the High St. and then puts my legs to the road again quite sturdy, so that I got into the toun of Dunbarton as the bells were ringing.

I put up the night at a tavern kept by a fellow Grant that kent the Gaelic, and took sixpence off his Accompt in consideration that I was Laglingarten's son and wore the *breacan*.[1] Then on to this place, through the most extraordinar little small touns—like Partick and Finnies Toun, and Ander's Toun, and the like, and got to my good-brother's cousin's house in this Land at twelve.

I have scoured the toun since then, high and low, and think well enough of it though it is not the Shire of Argyll and the braes that's round about it. The throng at any hour of the day is like a Fair; they'll be jostling you like stots upon the street, and if it was not that I kept a good hand on my sporran, I'm thinking there would be little change of my siller by the week-end. You would burst to

[1] Tartan.

see the Virginian Merchants, with their three-cokt hats and their long rattans, and their snuffy waistcoats, daundering up and down on the plain-stanes of the Trongate, everyone as if he was MacCailen[1] himself, with 10,000 swords and a tail of fifty pretty lads. One of them pushes me off the causey into the syver. "This part of the street is not for Hielan' cattle," says he, and if the brock had been less than sixty years and had not a paunch like Uncle Archie, I would have given him Yon, if I was to get the gallows for it. But I had not the wherewithal even if I had the inclination, for neither dirks nor whingers is allowed by the Faculty to be worn by any of the students, which is surely a droll kind of civility. "My name is Maclachlan," I told the fellow, "and if you have a son that's like the world, send him to me and I will strew his intervals about the street!" With that he calls the Watch, and I made no more parley about the matter. But the thing will be showing you the kind of folks we have to put up with.

The noises of the place are beyond Description—a continual clatter of waggons and horses at the trot, and merchants crying in the booths and women quarrelling in the wynds and closes, and bells jawing, and pigs squealing about the middens. I would have taken up my quarters in the College, but the rooms there are costly, coming to as high as ten shillings in the session, according to the situation, and there are fees to bed-makers forbye; and in the College it is all coal fires, which, at one shilling and threepence a cart, is dear enough, as you will allow. So I have boarded on Mistress Gilkson, my good-brother's cousin that is a widow and has one daughter, Mally, gey throughther in her manner, I think, and little to my taste, I can assure you. Two days after I came here my firkin of herrings came by the packet, and the carriers delivered the meal, so that my vivers for the session are certain, whatever of it.

[1] The Duke of Argyll.

And there you are, and you will be asking what in the world I am doing in Glasgow. Well, there are my classes, that engage much of my time, and my lessons in my lodging that would engage more if the glaikit lass they call Mally was not for ever coming out and in and saying something impudent about my bonnet and my kilt and the rest of it. When it is not that, I go down to the Molindinar Burn that is close at hand, and watch the laddies guddling baggy-minnows (as they call them), or take the air as far out in the country as a town they call Camlachie, that is reached through a pleasant enough road with hedges on either hand. There is many a good Highland name in the College (far too many of them lousy Campbells to my thinking!) and we have a sort of gang of it among ourselves, with an understanding that there must be no politics or pedigrees talked about. On the Saturdays we have a game of the *camanachd*[1] on the Fleshers' Haugh, and I'll not deny but that there's sometimes a sederunt in Lucky Baxter's in High Street, where the ale is twopenny, and I'll warrant not very long on the gantrys.

Whether I'll like my father's plan for me in sending me or not, I cannot just now be sure of. *Cha'n eil fios coid an lann a bhios san trual gus an tarraungear e!*"[2] as we say up yonder. Anyway, here's for it! but there's one (between our two selves, Jock) that but for the father of him in a place called Laglingartan, would sooner carry Claymore than bang a stoury pulpit cushion. And so no more at present, but your old friend,

COLIN MACLACHLAN.

II.

April 3rd, 1745.

. . . The flying stationer that goes through Cowal has promised to take a letter to-morrow, and here I am in

[1] Shinty. [2] You do not know what sword is in the sheath till you draw it.

reply to yours, that was considerably on the side of brevity, *loachain!*[1] And Yon about the day among the hinds! Oh, Jock! Jock! You must not be telling me about the like of that if you would not have me with my knapsack on my shoulder trudging home for a diversion. I have not had a gun in my elbow since I came to this place, though there might be sport enough with hare and paitrick about Little Govan way, and round about the Gorbals that is surrounded by fields. As for a rod—lord! I am itching for a whip at Clyde, but the thing's prohibit. I have seen cart-loads of the finest salmon netted not a mile from here, and still dear enough when cried at the Cross at a penny a pound.

Since I wrote last I have learned the game of Bulzards,[2] that is a rarity late come here, and is played upon a table kept at a Vintner's in the Gallowgait, but you need not mention it if you are the way of Laglingartan, or should meet my brother Alasdair, who clypes all to my father. That and the *camanachd*, and two nights a week at the dancing, is my whole diversion. You need not mention the dancing neither, Jock. I am taking some lessons at a genteel tutor's—Gilderoy, from Edinburgh, that has opened a Class in Anderson's Close. The thing would be better sport for me but for the lass Mally (my good-brother's cousin's daughter) that makes out I am the only one she can get the right step of. And indeed the creature is neat by-ordinar herself at a Strathspey. She has the most Genteel walk, and sings to Perfection, and thinks (I will swear) her mother's lodger is a clod, though Macfarlane makes out otherwise.

I am sending you with this a Chap Book or two of Dugald Graham that are of the latest. Also a *Journal*, which you will be so kind as to pass to Lachlan Ruadh, at the Poll, and tell him to give to his brothers at Ballimeanach.

[1] Hero. [2] Billiards.

III.

June 3rd, 1745.

. . . Last week there was an odd thing happened. You must ken that the girl Mally I mentioned before has gone on a Great Jaunt to Edinburgh, leaving on Friday last by the stage that makes the journey twice a week at this season. I was at the change-house seeing her departure, for though she is a Fair Torment, blood is thicker nor water, and I was almost vext to see her go. She will be gone as long as a fortnight, and there is no doubt there is Peril in Journeyings. On this score, Jock, do not say anything about the girl Mally to Alasdair; the fellow has no more Sentiment than a stirk. But the bit is who should be on the top of the coach but the Laird himself? He had come from Strath Lachlan by post horses in a hurry, and was for some weighty business in the East Country. 'Tis the first time I ever saw Himself in the Lowland habit. We got on the crack. "Colin," said he, "*there's a fine ploy on foot, that I may have a needcessity for every man of the clan to take a hand in between now and next Martinmas;*" and he whistled a bit of an air. What the bit air was I will not put down here, but you can be using your wits to guess, and keep your thumb on it. A year ago I would have been Sick Sorry to be in Glasgow and my nose in a book if this Particular Affair took place, and now I'm in a swither. It is not as if I had just myself to consider. And still; perhaps there's nobody cares a curse, except the old man at Laglingartan, and he is so keen on the pulpit for me.

Dear Jock, I wish you could take a turn this length; you would find Glasgow pleasand enough in this weather. For some reason I could not do a hand's turn for a week back because of the unusual quietness of the house now that that hussy Mally is gone, and I have been sitting by the hour in the garden behind our close, where the

tumult of the Trongait will be sounding like a convocation of bagpipes at a considerable distance. For a divert I made some lines To a Young Lady,[1] which for a piece of nonsense I am sending you. They are about nobody in particular, but just came into my head, and can be sung to the tune of *Hazel-eyed Helen.* Never let on to Alasdair if you meet him ; and, indeed, I think it might be well to burn them when you have laughed at them.

IV.

August 14th, 1745.

. . . I had a great laugh at what you said about the ballad I sent you and the girl Mally. I think you might be sure, after all I said in my other letters, that I value Madame's opinion not a kail-blade, though I never denied she had some likeable qualities. She is not back from Edinburgh yet, and her mother tells me there is some man of business there is paying attentions to her. I'm not caring. Thank God, I have always known what women were ; there is not a dependable one in all the sex of them ; no, not one, and the man that puts his ease of mind in their keeping must be the sheep indeed. I had another talk with the Laird a week ago. He is very throng about the Affair, and is going to the first Kilmichael market to offer a pound a head for lads to make up his two hundred that are ill to make up in these days in Strath Lachlan itself. I am half promised to take a hand in it myself, for I'm sick of this place and do not care what happens. It will depend on another business. . . . . I am hearing from the tenant's son at Glen Branter that you are often on the road at night about Dr. Paul's. Is it the Red One or her cousin from across the loch ? Whatever of it, I wish you Joy ; but I am bound to be

[1] The lines referred to here appear to have been destroyed ; at all events they are not in the Lerigmore charter chest.

telling you that it's the wise man puts his trust in none of their deceitful sex.

December 23rd, 1745.

I am sending this by a Sure Hand. He is coming back to Glasgow by way of the ferries next week, and I want you to send me the two Doune pistols Uncle Archie promised me last year. He will give them to you if you show him this letter. Likewise tell Alasdair I must have the Ferrara sword by the same messenger, as the weapon I have is no better nor a bull-rush.

The woman Mally came back last night from Edinburgh, and is to be married in Aprile to the Edinburgh man I mentioned. Her mother and her friends are quite proud of the match, and I am sure I wish her well. Since her return she has scarce looked once the road I was on.

There is great news to-day, that the Prince is to be in Glasgow next week. I depend on you to have the Arms specified here by then, as I have sent word to Maclachlan that he may count on me from the Gallowgate of Glasgow to the gates of the Worst Place. And so, meanwhile, Jock, fareweel!

Neil Munro

De Forti Dulcedo.

In sumptuous chords, and strange,
Through rich yet poignant harmonies:
Subtle and strong browns, reds
Magnificent with death and the pride of death,
Thin, clamant greens
And delicate yellows that exhaust
The exquisite chromatics of decay:
From ruining gardens, from reluctant woods—
Dear, multitudinously reluctant woods!—
And sering margents, forced
To be lean and bare and perished grace by grace,
And flower by flower discharmed,
Peals, to a purpose none,
Not even the scorner, which is the fool, can blink,
The dead march of the year.

Dead things and dying. Now the long-laboured soul
Listens, and pines. But never a note of hope
Sounds: whether in those high,
Transcending unisons of resignation
That speed the sovran sun,
As he goes southing, weakening, 'minishing,
Almighty in obedience; or in those
Small, sorrowful colloquies
Of bronze and russet and gold,

Colour with colour, dying things with dead,
That break along this visual orchestra:
As in that other one, the audible,
Horn answers horn, oboe and violin
Talk, and the 'cello calls the clarionet
And flute—and the poor heart is glad.
There is no hope in these—only despair.

Then, destiny in act, ensues
That most tremendous passage in the score:
When hangman rains and winds have wrought
Their worst, and, the brave lights gone down,
The low strings, the brute brass, the sullen drums
Sob, grovel, and curse themselves
Silent. . . .
But on the spirit of man
And on the heart of the world there falls
A strange, half-desperate peace:
A war-worn, militant, gray jubilance
In the unkind, implacable tyranny
Of Winter, the obscene,
Old, crapulous Regent, who in his loins—
O, who but feels he carries in his loins
The wild, sweet-blooded, wonderful harlot, Spring?

W. E. Henley

The Spirit of Romance.[1]

Heard medodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,—
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.—*Keats.*

'A ROMANCE! Call you *that* a Romance?' cried the Lady. 'Why, there is not a woman in the whole story! —and where is Romance without Love?'

Where indeed? And yet I was speaking of no less a work than 'Kidnapped,' with a special adverting to *the Man with the belt of gold* and *Cluny's Cage.* And I had qualified it as 'breathing the very spirit of romance!'

'Can there be romance without love?' said the Lady. 'No!'

And a very indignant 'no' it was!

Yet Stevenson has proved otherwise. Nay: he is not only more romantically inspired in every situation that does not deal with the passion of love than any other author living or dead, but he is also oddly and admittedly perplexed when obliged to take it into account. Indeed he has, it seems, wilfully eschewed what is conventionally regarded at once as the mainspring of all fiction and as the leading motive in human life.

[1] Reprinted by kind permission of the Editor, from *The Anglo-Saxon Review* of December 1900.

Cherchez la femme! Except in 'Prince Otto,' where she appears triumphantly in two delicious presentments (and perhaps for that reason the book, in some eyes, will remain the jewel of the collection), you will seek in vain for her upon her proper throne in any of the works that have gone to make the fame of this Master of Romance. 'And even you, madam, will not deny him that title?'

Womanlike, of course, the Lady begged the question.

'Pray,' said she, with the necessary pouted lip, 'do you then consider that there is *no* romance in love?'

'The gods forbid,' cried I, 'that you or I, madam, should ever look upon love without romance! But romance without love seems a vastly different matter—though, I confess, I never considered the question in that light before. Can we not have the romance of every strong emotion, from the passions we share with the animal to passions that are purely of the mind: of Fighting, of Hatred, of Ambition or Devotion, of Paternity or Friendship, as well as of Love for Woman and Jealousy, Joy and Grief?'

Here I felt as though I had found at least one joint.

There are many words like this one in everyday usance which appear to carry a quite definite meaning, yet would hardly bear the ordeal of strict examining. *Romance,* in its very sound, if not in its history, does undoubtedly show many points of attachment to that cardinal emotion of life, Love.

'For such, madam, I, with you, hold love to be. Yet Love is manifestly but one ray in the scintillation of the word. Were I asked,' said I, 'to define *Romance,* in fiction at least, I would describe it as the word-picture of adventures that spring from poignant human motives.'

But, having formulated this decisive phrase, I was

EGERTON CASTLE

instantly struck by its deplorable incompleteness. An incomplete definition is less than nothing.

It seems, in fact, as impossible to catch the Spirit of Romance in the meshes of words as to lay down a Rule of Beauty or to dogmatise upon the Real Attributes of Genius.

Colloquially, of course, both the word itself and its derived adjective seem quite naturally to refer, and with special insistence, to that gentle passion, which, by the way, in romance can be the fiercest of all. What, for instance, to the average ear, would 'a romantic adventure' suggest, if the love of woman did not figure in it? Are not 'heroes and heroines of Romance,' from the generally accepted meaning of the term, held to be men and women capable of sustaining a more than ordinarily impressive rôle in love's drama?

All ages have known the 'romantic girl,' the maiden who, amid her everyday duties, yearns for emotional strangeness, strenuous adventures, in which the particular type of romantic man in vogue just then shall play *Romeo* to her *Juliet*. The special colour of her imaginings has varied, of course; but its spirit has remained the same. Our grandmothers sighed, in their sallet days, for Byronic youths with pale, wild countenances and irregular propensities. The lady of the Restoration turned her languorous thoughts to fascinating libertines in love-locks and lace collars. A dapper person in brocade, with a nimble turn of the wrist as well as of the wit, smart, brave, and wicked as his own porcelain-hilted court blade, no doubt haunted the pillows whereon the Georgian maiden rested her powdered head.

On the other hand, the verb 'to romance' more nearly retains the historical meaning attached to those guileless first efforts of 'story-telling' which began to be defined by that name in contradistinction to the mere chronicling of facts.

No one's acquaintance is too narrowly limited, I take it, not to include at least one friend whose speech is moved by this prolific richness of imagination, unhampered by any paltry consideration of responsibility. Dull, matter-of-fact people are inclined to give ugly names to this predisposition—one which has come down to us from the youth-days of the world. To me, trammelled as I have always been by a narrow-minded attachment to fact, to logic and consequence, it has always seemed a precious and enviable mental possession. I have listened with admiration to a neighbour dilating upon the excellencies of his stables, the particular charm of his mail-phaeton, the rare qualities of a certain pair of bays, the interesting virtues of his grooms, the while I and most of the audience knew that his hippic establishment consisted of a butcher's pony and a bath-chair. But that in no way interfered with the speaker's satisfaction—a satisfaction so unctuous and complete that it never failed to impress even the most sceptical listener. Why be too severe? He merely idealised a particular corner of his life; and, truly, the picture was more interesting to contemplate than the bare reality!

In precisely the same spirit, no doubt, did the Romancer of old 'rectify' the shortcomings of contemporary fact in his Tale of Chivalry, and thereby make it right pleasant hearing.

I am told that one of my first nurses was fond of talking of the almost inconceivable grandeur of her previous places: it was, according to her, positively Oriental. One particular infant under her charge never, it seemed, partook of any food but what had been prepared in a massive silver saucepan and stirred with a gold spoon. This sumptuous child slept in a mother-of-pearl cradle, and took his airing attired in a pink satin hat crested with three ostrich feathers. . . . I have often sorrowed that my

mother, finding this elemental Spirit of Romance incompatible with the regularity of the nursery, should have parted with so gifted a person at an early period of the acquaintance. Seeing what sort of occupation later life had in reserve for me, I am convinced she was the very nurse to have supplied a valuable influence in my mental training, at that important stage when the brain is most open to indelible impressions. The monotonous routine of the nursery, so sternly insisted on, is perhaps the most immediate cause of that yearning for Romance observable nowadays in every intelligent child—even as the real dulness of Mediæval life must have acted, in its days, on children of a larger growth—that yearning which displays itself in narratives of everyday experiences, remarkable for every interesting quality except that of truth. The engaging and confident smile with which a child will preface those statements reveals his inner joy in them as well as his simple unconsciousness of any wrongdoing.

Thus has a delicious young hero of four years vividly informed me of an encounter between himself and a specially large crocodile in the dry and peaceful neighbourhood of Queen's Gate. The terror of the announcement was slightly mitigated by a lisp, and by the hero's own sense of humour. But I was immediately reminded of a Sir Gavaine and of the Dragon Slayers. It was quite as artless a tale, and given out with the same desire, obviously, rather to please and to suggest than to be credited.

It is worth adding, moreover, that there came a furtive look in the little rogue's eye, at one moment (as he piled up some more precise detail), as if he were himself beginning to believe his own alarming story. Therein lies one of the most precious attributes of the born romancer, one that is almost necessary if he is to convince others, his power of convincing himself.

For the art's sake, it is unfortunate that prejudices of modern life and of modern education should have so

generally destroyed in contemporary seekers of adventure this primary instinct of 'rectifying' (a good word, I imagine), both in direction and amplitude, the actual course of events, that one delightful mine (so to speak) has been closed to makers of literature.

When General Baden-Powell gives us his own account of his share in the making of recent history, what will its interest be (stirring as we know it must prove) compared with the Romance of events such as his daring soul would have had them? Should we not then have read of at least one epic single combat with Snyman the arch-brute . . . and the bright gods know what besides?

The tales of travellers, again, are no longer 'Travellers' Tales.' Could Sir John de Mandeville have accompanied Nansen, whose book, I pray you, would have proved the richer reading?

But, indeed, when one poor wanderer, with something of a gift that way, did try to vault over the dull-coloured barriers which hem in the uses of imagination—when he allowed, for instance, his fancy to fly with the wombat and otherwise delightfully to disport itself—was he not made the object of an absurd solemn scientific enquiry? A thing, we all know, fatal to Romance! Instead of being allowed to admire his pretty fireworks against the sky, were we not shown the charred sticks and the evil-smelling paper-cases? Alas!

'Even your charm, Madam, might scarce survive the ordeal of scientific definition!'

The Lady flushed; then suddenly pointed a dimple.

'You could not!' she said.

'Could not what?' I asked, suddenly absorbed in the dimple. How strange that a little pit in the cheek, a little dint (as it were) made by the invisible baby-finger of Cupid, should so fantastically heighten the archness of a smile!

'Define my charm,' she replied.

And as she smiled triumphantly there came another dimple, and yet another. I gazed, and the didactic phrase died upon my lips.

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

She was right. What is there in the Spirit of Things, which, after all, is the Life of Things, that anyone can define to any satisfaction?

In many ways the Spirit of Romance may be said to be the Spirit of Youth in its exuberance; and it is perhaps this active straining towards *action*, towards physical impressions and active communion with the living world, that distinguishes it from abstract poetry. It plays the part of instinct in the intellectual temperament, of a tendency not acquired but innate, absolutely independent of any process of reasoning. And in literature it infuses that wealth of earnestness, that changeful, warmly-coloured imagery, that sense of vigorous delight, which seems to belong essentially to youth; that enthusiasm which fades under the cold judgment of maturity, as do the flowers under the autumn blast.

The march of civilisation, on the whole, tends to restrict Romance, if it cannot quite banish it, by subduing down to the level of mere lawfulness the play of human passions: by systematically checking all their violent interference with the even tenor of domestic existence. The stock elements of traditional Romance—perils by flood and field, hairbreadth 'scapes from ruthless persecutors, sequestrations and deadly feuds, abductions, duels, and picturesque assassination, flights by road or woods or over seas, castle and convent, the lugger waiting behind the point and the pinnace with muffled oars, the smuggler, the pirate, and the dashing highwayman—all these are no longer 'things that are with us.' Nevertheless, the Spirit of Romance remains

as much, I should say, an instinct with the healthy of mind as the love of Sport with the healthy of frame.

Lawlessness undoubtedly offers a fair field for the assertion of strong individuality; and perilous crises are as crucibles wherein stand revealed the pure gold, or the worthlessness, of the inner man. Lawless times, therefore, and perilous adventures, more common to older days or to more distant climes than ours, must ever have obvious attractions for the Romancer. But does it mean that Romance must always be a tale of fierceness? I, myself, do not think so.

It may be difficult to explain what is Romance in literature; but we know full well what it is not. Take any imaginary book; let it be labelled, say,

THE TENANT OF KIRBY HALL

A Romance

Immediately from the threshold of the title-page, there blows in upon us a breath as of a world different from the work-a-day one that surrounds us. If we do not necessarily hear the clash of steel, or see the red of powder, at least these are the muffled footfalls of furtive doers. Even if there is no moat round Kirby Hall, no secret chamber or sliding picture under its roof, there will certainly be strange nocturnal happenings, springing from still stranger motives. In such a book we expect, in fine, the Dance of Life to move to quicker and more passionate tunes than it does with us mere people of business or pleasure: to a measure as different from that we have to tread every day as are the strains of a *csárdas* or a nocturne of Chopin from the tinkling of a quadrille.

Led, then, by this music, and inhaling the spicy breath of this atmosphere ('Pray remark, madam, that we must

have *atmosphere*'), we are prepared to forgive—nay, even to relish—a certain violence of effect, a depth of garish colouring, improbabilities even, provided they stir up our fancy and hold it a willing captive; provided they carry us for the time being right away from the familiar common-place.

On the other hand, let this imaginary book be entitled

THE TENANT OF KIRBY HALL

A Novel

'Now, observe, madam, what a different prospect instantly spreads itself before your beautiful eyes—Through the open door of the first chapter you already hear a rustle of flounces, proceeding in all probability from the hands of the same celebrity that designed the wondrous "creation" you now wear. There is a rattle of little fashionable chains, an echo of tea-cups and of the best modern scandal. In *that* Kirby Hall you naturally expect the lips of the heroine to expound views on Life and Love and Fashion similar to those you hold yourself; it is quite obvious that the passions agitating her breast are such as only could be stirred under the very latest cut of bodice! The women who flutter through this book must be women, smart women (not "ladies," O heavens!). The men must be smart men (not "gentlemen"—horrid *bourgeois* word!). Their action must be subject to all the peculiar conventions of modern Society. For the development of the plot we must look to the diplomacy of every-day life. The course of events, we know, shall be plausible rather than strenuous; directed by the mutual persuasion of the actors themselves rather than by the rude intrusion of the outer world. There will be no "strangeness" in it, no fantasy; its picturesqueness shall be of the most civilised order. It shall convince without the help of an

artificially excited imagination. Love, of a kind, you shall assuredly find; but it shall not be love that will run away with you in a coach and four, nor keep you by the flourish of the sword and at the cost of inconvenient lives!'

Certainly it is not among the leaves of a Fashionable Tale that we must look for the rich blossom of Romance; nor among the prickly cactus-like vegetation of the Story with a Purpose, be it controversial, religious, or social (no one will ever accuse Mrs. Humphry Ward's clever books, for instance, of even approaching the romantic); nor, certes, among the flowers of the New Humour!

Again, the Romance Spirit flies the withering atmosphere of the Psychological Study: analysis is incompatible with enthusiasm, and the scalpel of Rationalism is too deadly to the wayward life of Fancy. It is this bias towards constant analysis that prevented Thackeray, our great moralist, humourist, and novelist, from being also a great *romancer*. Yet the Spirit touched him at times: the duel scene in 'Esmond' is no doubt Romance at its highest water-mark. But 'Esmond,' as a book, in spite of setting and adventure, remains extraordinarily unromantic.

Nor can true Romance, with its all-human passions, breathe in the rarefied æther of Mysticism; its fragrance, on the other hand, can never be set free in the murk of Realism *à outrance*; its youthful energy is also inevitably paralysed by Pessimism.

The morbid writer, again, the licentious or the modern 'passional' writer, with his artificial suffering and his incomprehensible joy, obviously can never seize 'the romantic situation'—that is left for the reticent, and strong, and healthy. Nor yet will the gallant Spirit suffer itself to be stifled in the hazy Story of Occultism, or to disguise its nature under the plausible mask of

the Scientific Tale. The fact is that Romance is above all things human, however idealised. It yearns for the physical assertion of life—that is, for freedom, strong passions, strong emotion. But, to be real Romance, it must depict all things in life, even error and crime, broadly and nobly: the sordid can never have much to do with it, without proving fatal.

As far as it is possible, then, to establish a marked distinction between Romance specially and the Novel at large: in your Romance the characters reveal and explain themselves under the stress of events—action, therefore, and incidents are its main factors; whereas in your Novel the mere dialectic of conversation (so to speak) is sufficient to shape the course of the drama. The chance word becomes an arbiter of fate. The word, the point, *le mot*, is the thing:

> Par un mot l'âme est abattue
> Ou relevée: et c'est toujours
> Un *mot* qui blesse, un *mot* qui tue
> Les amitiés et les amours. . . .

'In a Novel, dear Lady, as between you and me, an incautious or an emphasised word is the lever which will suffice to divert the chain of our doings on to new wheels, which will open unknown sluices and set the stream of our lives trickling into new channels. But have we not all within ourselves unknown springs, deeper waters; have we not soaring passions, secrets of the innermost soul, strange birds sleeping with folded wings which scarce as much as tremble as they lie close, which could only be stirred into waking life and set free by truly desperate situations? Yet how many of us move from the cradle to the grave without even suspecting the existence of these elemental emotions? And this is my thesis: the fierce crises required for their quickening are not found in the everyday, well-

ordered social life, the life of the *Novel*—they belong to *Romance.*'

But, again, the mere freedom of play for the passions of the fierce human creature that is always somewhere in us is not sufficient to work the spell. Where the mere human runs riot there may be many a fearful tragedy, plenty of brutal joy, of blood and horror; but without the idealising element, as I have said, no Romance.

Besides this, there will always be another and most necessary concomitant, upon which I have likewise already insisted—the atmosphere. Romance is life seen through a temperament; it is above all dramatic; it requires scenery, picturesque, varied, suggestive. I have even a shrewd suspicion that the germ of every romance that ever was written, as well as of the innumerable others that have merely been dreamed of, could be traced to some suggestion of the outer world, some building or landscape, rather than to a spontaneous definitely human conception.

Consider the melancholy grandeur of the lonely ruin on the hillside.

> Time
> Has mouldered into beauty many a tower
> Which, when it frown'd with all its battlements,
> Was only terrible.

Imagination seizes upon the scene and is captivated. Then the thought of happily past terrors springs up armed cap-a-pie. And there is Romance!

Or yet it may be an effect of light in wood or glade; some unwontedly symbolical aspect of sea or sky, vaguely sinister or pathetically exquisite; some music of waters or of mighty winds. Or, again, it may be the eternal allurement of Distance.

Many a Romance of deed and aspiration, I am convinced, has been born of the mere suggestiveness of a far-off unattainable shore, of a light-gleam struck back

from a distant window ; or of the eternal 'Invitation of the Road,' the call of the voice from 'Over the Hills and Far away.'

Upon rocky headlands of the Gascon coast, with the rollers of the Atlantic passing majestically by, how often, as a boy, have I stood spell-bound by the glamour of distance—watching the sun set over the purple chain of peaks, beyond which was SPAIN! *Tras los Montes!* What visions of space and colour and strange happenings seemed to arise for my mind's eye in the yet unknown 'land beyond the mountains'! What adventures of love and war and travel: love of a boy's mind, radiant or tragic, but nothing if not chivalrous; wars of a boy's imaginings, all clarion notes, sabre-flash, and fluttering of silk flag in the sun; travels of a boy's fancy, with such mysterious companions and such picturesque discomforts, with the red wine in the inn, with sapphire skies and opal moonlight, guitars, love-songs, the inevitable blood-letting! *Spain.* . . . Romance!

Or again, much at the same age, that age so rich in fanciful impressions, wandering (on a solitary walking tour) along the tall cliffs of Antrim, how well I can call to mind the strange enthusiasm that filled me of a sudden, when, over the vast of grey waters, under the great cup of the sky, a sudden level gleam of sun breaking through the clouds revealed as a white glimmer on the Northern horizon the Mulls of Cantyre and of Islay! SCOTLAND. . . . There was Scotland! Romance!

This call of distance to the imagination is curiously elusive for all its strength; yet Wordsworth seems to have crystallised it in words:

> 'Twould be a wildish destiny
> If we, who thus together roam
> In a strange land and far from home,
> Were in this place the Guests of Chance!
> Yet who would stop or fear to advance,
> Though home or shelter he had none
> With such a sky to lead us on?

Old dwelling-places—what suggestiveness again lurks in their very shadows; how peopled the empty spaces, how eloquent the mute echo! Let it be what you list—a deserted windmill perched on a bluff, or a degraded ancient Inn of Chancery in the midst of busy humming streets; a Manor House sunk from its estate to peasant uses, with its grass-grown alley and its ruined gateway, once manifestly splendid in curvetting iron, now shamed by the red leprosy of rust. Is it not easy enough to people such places with the company that ought to be there; and do not human dramas irresistibly fit themselves to the scene?

Move we into the solitude of nature: what endless suggestion of yearning and passion (and therefrom what pictures of action) in the soughing of the breeze through forest branches, in the roaring and hissing of the breaker on the shore it never will conquer!

I have come unsuspectingly upon the brink of those icy, black, racing waters which the irrigating canals of Piedmont bring down from the mountains to the plain. And their hurried, furtive course has always irresistibly filled me with sinister thoughts. They were so dark, so deep, so swift (one that fell in there would roll along the even bottom for miles before he re-appeared), so strangely cold in the midst of the sunny smiling landscape; they were so strangely silent—barely a ripple now and then, a private chuckle as, unawares, one all but stepped from the lush grass into their fatal current—so weirdly quiet, when honest waters moving at such speed would have joyously tumbled and foamed and roared, that these 'guilty rivers' positively haunted my fancy as symbols of relentless, cruel assassination!

One thing in life [says Stevenson] calls for another; there is a fitness in events and places. Some places speak distinctly. Certain dank gardens cry aloud for murder, certain houses demand to be haunted, certain coasts are set apart for shipwreck. . . . It is thus

that tracts of young fir, and low rocks that reach into deep soundings, particularly torture and delight me: *something must have happened in such a place.*

There can be no doubt that it was to this influence of Nature over imagination that we owe the first of all our Romances, perhaps the most beautiful, certainly the most far-reaching—the Classical Mythology—Romances without which our literature, our speech, our very ideas, would have been so much the poorer that it is hardly possible to conceive the blank.

'But, madam, to tell you how the beauty and the grandeur of Nature could be translated into human-like characters and events, I will borrow the music of Keats' tongue. Thus does he first apostrophise Nature:

> O, Maker of sweet poets, dear delight
> Of this fair world and all its gentle livers,
> Spangler of clouds, halo of crystal rivers,
> Mingler with leaves and dew and tumbling streams,
> Closer of lovely eyes to lovely dreams.
>
> . . . . . .
>
> For what has made the sage or poet right,
> But the fair paradise of nature's light?

'And now he tells how the Spirit of Romance awoke:

> So did he feel who pulled the boughs aside,
> That we might look into the forest wide,
> To catch a glimpse of Fauns and Dryades
> Coming with softest rustle through the trees. . . .
>
> Nor was it long ere he had told the tale
> Of young Narcissus, and sad Echo's bale.

This time the Lady listened.

'Ah! there,' said she, 'I can follow you.'

And then she mused: 'I could almost find it in my mind to wish me back in those days when Nature meant so much, and the world, and money, and dross, so little. You are right: then was Romance.'

'Someone,' said I, 'has been before you in that wish: one who felt the Romance of Nature even more nobly, perhaps, than our Keats. By your leave, Madam, I must quote again:

> Great God! I'd rather be
> A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
> So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
> Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
> Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea,
> Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!

'Yes, indeed: you and Wordsworth have found another cause for this natural craving of ours for Romance. The beauty of the World first evoked it; but in equal measure the very sordidness of our usual surroundings, the dulness of civilisation for passionate minds, the ugliness of the needs of spreading humanity—these things make us now cry out for it.'

To relieve the monotony of long empty days, the bard and his song of strife and conquest became a necessary luxury in the rude lives of our ancestors. For them news of mere customary facts was not sufficient.

Even as the Epic—that is the Romantic—poem of antiquity grew from short records of real travel and real battles into songs of endless adventures, godlike deeds of valour and bloodshed, so grew those Tales of Chivalry in which the legend of the outer world, both truth and myth, the life of the people as it was, and the valour of the Knight or the beauty of the Lady, as they yearned to be, were blended into Romance.

Those, of course, were simpler days, when nothing would really satisfy the eagerness of listeners but the recital of wondrous sights and deeds, deeds, deeds, in one long-drawn golden chain: the more fantastic, the more welcome! Everything at a distance then was absolute mystery. No adventure beyond the narrow

horizon was too marvellous to be believed. Dragons haunted the valleys; giants the clefts of rocks; Ladies, beautiful, awaited redress in the heart of impenetrable forests—Romance of Chivalry.

Later, however, as knowledge grew, and with it some scepticism, the ear of listeners became more exacting. Adventure, of course, was still in request; but it had to be at least plausible—it must appertain to a *possible* world. The hero must invariably, of course, overcome all his enemies with lance and mace; but his adversaries must be fellow-men, not three-headed giants in the mountain beyond the plain, or fiery dragons of the swamps—Romance of the Tourney, of the Troubadour.

Then come the *Novelieri* and *Conteurs.* And Italy, the heart of Romance, sends throbbing through the veins of other countries some of its own warm-passioned blood; the minds of men quicken to new conceptions of pleasure and beauty; life all at once becomes more full, more richly coloured, and is shaken by storms of sudden loves. Life, in a word, grows dear, and Death cheap. The Renascence spreads a gorgeous mantle over the thinking world—and Shakespeare arises.

That was the most beauteous period of Romance. The favourite fiction of our nearer forbears, on the other hand, the Picaresque Novel—strange progeny of the old Tale of Chivalry—was romance of a rather degraded type. Although it came from Spain and claims descent from the immortal Knight of the Dismal Countenance, it was a far poorer gift to the world than the amorous *Novella* of Italy.

('I suppose it has never struck you, madam, that Mr. Pickwick, and eke Mr. Midshipman Easy, are collateral descendants of Don Quixote, through the rogue Gil Blas of Santillana and his English cousin Roderick Random?')

It is worthy of note that until our own times contemporary life seems, in most cases, to have offered a

sufficient field, sufficient scope and colour, for the romancer's fancy. The tendency to look to the past for the necessary picturesque setting is comparatively modern.

''Tis distance,' again to advert to a theme I have touched on, 'lends enchantment to the view,' as much in the past as in the future. Nowadays, in fact, this very word, *Romance*, has come to suggest at first flush a 'costume period.' This is, after all, but natural. If we wish to pen a tale of stirring deeds and of singular adventures, it can surely be more easily staged (do we wish it to lie in the Town) in the days of the scarce oil-lamp, of the dark narrow alley or the deserted Mall illumined only by 'links'—in times when the futile Watch only appeared at the right picturesque moment, when the Sedan-chair could be stopped in a blind lane and the post-chaise await just round the corner—than in this latter-day policed and electrical London. Or, again, do we desire to place our Romance in the Country, shall we not all have a preference for the wild tract of heath, the Stage Coach, the galleried Inn that is so natural a meeting ground for singular travellers?

'Aye, and also for the more indulgent morals, madam, of our forefathers. . . . And the costume, the manners! Men rode, then, on their way through life, and wore the sword; clink of blade and jingle of spur played music as they passed. Redress of injury, protection of honour, of dear life and dearer love, did not lie in the prosy keeping of police and law courts. Why, madam, you know how the sword alone can, in a twinkling, make romance of the dullest situation: think what a high light in the mental picture is the flash of brave steel leaping out of its scabbard!'

Louis Stevenson tells us of the fascination which the three-cocked hat had for his youthful mind: 'tis but a typified instance of the general allurement of the past.

'Do not, however, madam, wear that tristified countenance. Believe me, for the eye that can see it, for the heart that can feel it, Romance, despite all I have said, still exists about us, and will exist to the end of things, both in fiction and in real life.

'Remember how (in such books as "The New Arabian Nights," "The Dynamiter," "The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde") out of the very London streets which seem so unpromising a material, Stevenson could distil the purest Spirit of Romance.

'Remember how another writer, who is still with us, has been able, with the help of such modern abominations as railways, revolvers, police, and telegraphs, to conjure up somewhere in the heart of the Nineteenth Century, in the heart of German Europe, a tale of love and adventure, of murder, rapine, and revenge, that might well have fitted the court of some *cinquecento* Florentine ruler. Follow him and inhale the fragrance of Romance in the forest around Zenda.

'And in real life, have you really never heard, despite the hum of the street, the babble of fashionable talk, one note of the "Spirit Ditties"?

'Ah, which of us did not hear that unseen pipe, above the blare of trumpet, above the dry sob of the drum, above the shuffle of marching feet and the cheering of the wretched stay-at-homes, during those cruel days of last winter when our boys left us for the other end of the world? And did they not hear it, also, who held their heads and their hearts so high, and waved farewell to us with such a light in their eyes, as they sallied forth to meet none-knew-what-possibilities, least of all themselves? Have they not heard it since, by camp fire, through weary leaguer, through miserable tramps across the veldt—nay: did they not hear it clearest whose spirit, defying pain and death, held them heroes to the last?

'In this way has Romance come into many lives that might never have even dreamed of it. Poor lads! without its help—Romance of Duty, Romance of Derring-do, the kind of Romance I spoke of, which could be written and made soul-stirring even without Love—Romance, above all, of Loyalty to their Queen—how could they have borne themselves as they did—*preux chevaliers* all?

'Even in your own experience, dear Lady, has the tide of the more secret Romance that always circles around us never sent one wave as far as your foot, clad in so modern a little shoe? It seems almost impossible! But ten to one, madam, you drew your Paquin flounces hurriedly away, and stepped back, frightened. Well, you were right, perhaps. Those are briny waters and engulphing waves: I fear the Paquin flounce would have had the worst of it. Indeed, most of us do as you and prefer to consort with the experience in fiction.

'And yet it does meet us on our own path. Thus did it pass me one night, in the early hours of the morning, between Grosvenor Square and my own house. It came running out of the darkness and vanished into darkness; touched my life as a bat's wing touches the cheek, and was gone. I heard the flying steps rapidly nearing, and then he shot by me: a young man, strong, handsome, a gentleman—and running for his life! O, there could be no doubt of that! His elbows were pressed to his sides; he ran, nursing his strength like one who has known the art at school and college. His crush hat under his arm, his clean-shaven face white as his shirt-front, luminous terror in his eyes, with labouring breath, on he came with tip-toe pace, as silent and as systematic as a hunted fox's.

'As I stood, wondering, again suddenly from the darkness approached a louder tramp of feet; and now two came out into the light, passed on racing with hissing breath, and, like the first, were gone. The pursuers! One, again,

unmistakably a gentleman; the other a rough workman. It was a pursuit as deadly, as silent, as the flight had been; on their faces was stamped the most vindictive determination. Mark you, here was Romance of some private murderous vengeance, Romance of some dark secret purpose. In his agony, the hunted man made (dared perhaps make) no appeal for help to policeman or passer-by. The hunters, on their side, raised no hue and cry. Two gentlemen and a workman, at the hour before the dawn: and the silence of it all! That was sinister beyond description.

'I could give you another modern instance, of lighter character. It crossed my way but a few days ago.

'Opposite the doorless front of Bath House, in Piccadilly, a smart brougham was drawn up by the kerb. I was walking eastward; my eyes fell upon the approaching figure of a tall, extraordinarily rough-looking navvy; a fellow, however, not without some wild quality of aspect such as you might fancy in the shock-headed fighting-man of Saxon days. His was a deeply-furrowed, strong face, almost disappearing in a blond beard. Dressed in cords and fustian, ankle boots and knee-straps, mud-covered and, indeed, mud-coloured all over, he slouched slowly along the gutter, with eyes fixed straight before him on the ground after the manner of the roadside tramp; but, in his left hand, negligently, elbow high,—so might an exquisite carry a cigarette—he held a letter! As he passed the brougham, a small, white, ungloved hand, sparkling with rings, darted out of the window, unerringly plucked the letter and as quickly was withdrawn. The wild-haired man never turned his head or even altered his gait by the smallest fraction of a swing. His hand slowly dropped into his pocket: that was all. Alas! before I could come level with the carriage window, in obedience, no doubt, to check-string, the brougham drove rapidly away. The groom and coachman, with heads correctly turned to their front, of course had seen nothing. I doubt if anybody but myself marked

the scene: after all, what would it have mattered? I turned round: the man was out of sight.

'Was there not some quaint real-life Romance there? And would not this, like the other and darker experience, have supplied the "opening" for an enticing first chapter?

'Ah, those first chapters! Madam, I vow and protest there are times when I feel myself so seized, so inspired that with a cry—

Anch'io son pittore!

—I grasp my pen with as pure a flame of enthusiasm as ever did the Corregio his painting brush. Could I but keep this clear fire at its first brightness, *what* a romance you would have! The most dashing, the most pathetic; the most bloodstirring, the most fear-compelling; the best, in short, that was ever penned! And, I promise you, the love element that is indispensable in your sight would not be lacking. But, alas, and again alas! There is the hopeless business of translating. The sacred fire burns low? On with the coals. . . .

'Great Gods! What a smoke!

. . . . . .

'Yes: no doubt, it was a beautiful first chapter; but beyond the first chapter the perfect work rarely goes. For anything unworthy of the beginning shall not be tacked on to it. I shall never consent (hear my solemn oath!) to let *that* Romance fizzle away by degrees. Rather will I cherish it as the Dream-Child that never grows to manhood. It is not given to every one to conceive the great idea, to mould the perfect form, breathe the Spirit into it, and send it forth to live.

'And thus it is, madam, that so many books are never written; that so many others fall away lamentably from their first intent; that most of us must be content to muse and long—and to sigh, with him who now and then did

both *feel* perfectly and *translate* for the joy of the world the Romance of Things:

> Ah, THEN, had mine been the painter's hand,
> To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
> The light that never was, on sea or land,
> The consecration, and the poet's dream!'

The Lady was silent and inclined to muse. Soon she looked up with eyes half-dreaming, half-arch:

'And you think,' said she, 'that if I had not drawn what you call my Paquin flounces (how vastly knowing you are, sir) from the contact of Romance's foaming wave, that the "the folded bird" which you vow is still sleeping within me would have been awakened and have beaten wild wings?—I wonder!'

'Do not give up hope,' said I. 'It may not be too late. But of one thing be certain: that, when Romance does come to you, it will be the Romance of Love.'

'And why so?'

I gazed upon her high eyebrow and her tender lip.

'Madam,' said I, 'Romance never came to woman yet but it came by Love.'

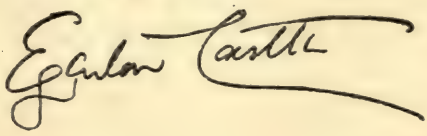
'And why again?'

'Because—why was Beauty made, I pray you, but to the end of love?'

Once more she mused: then softly the dimples began to peep.

'And when my hour comes,' said the Lady, 'I vow I'll not tell you of it—for you would want to make a mere story out of me; and that I'll not endure. Neither, do I think, could my particular Spirit be captured.'

'I should not ask to know your secret. Have I not said it: the finest Story is always that we cannot tell—the best Romance of all the one we may not write?'



Ave Mater.

LADY our mother, of the fearless eyes,
  And braided hair, drawn backward from the brow
Like dream-kissed dawn uncurtaining the skies
  In radiant apocalypse: O thou
Whose lips are ruddy with the wine of youth
  And mellow with the eloquence of eld,
A secular ambassadress of truth—
  All things thou hast securely proved and held
The good, and vindicated right with ruth,
And aye in wisdom's lofty ministry excelled.

What time the Vicar of the Seven Hills
  Gave gracious largesse of thy liberties,
And King and Bishop bade upspring thy rills
  With draught of learning's clear austerities
For all athirst, the little foursquare town,
  Four centuries and fifty years ago,
Was chanting matins of undreamt renown,
  And rustic merchants thatching booths a-row;
And still the spire of Kentigern looked down
And loved the river meadows rich with verdurous show.

Thou hast not dwelt in cloistered courts apart,
  A dainty goddess, shadowy, superfine.
Succinct by spreading stir of craft and mart
  Long stood the ancient altars of thy shrine;

Sweep out in widening circles from thy feet,
  Couchant before thy thronèd westering slope
The champaigns of the city. It were meet
  Thy dreams should seek the secret keys that ope
The gyves of mortals moiling in the heat
Toward the distant avatars of human hope.

The city covenanted with the sea,
  Its argosies were borne on every tide,
But commerce strove in vain for liberty
  Till statesmen hearkened to the prescient guide
Whose counsel thou hadst ripened. Everywhere
  The elemental forces are in chains
Whose stoutest links were forged beneath thy care.
  A few men search and all mankind attains
To lordship over earth and sea and air;
Atlas alone no more the labouring world sustains.

Eos not Hesper hasteneth all good things:
  The falling zodiac kindles starry clay
To energy whose permutation brings
  This planetary caravanserai
Its every power. Thy chymic Nestor caught
  Heat at its hidden task. Though scarce divined,
A new world flashed in the one spacious thought
  That shackled steam. A later master-mind
Threading electric maze on maze was wrought
To challenge the pole-star and outrun the ocean wind.

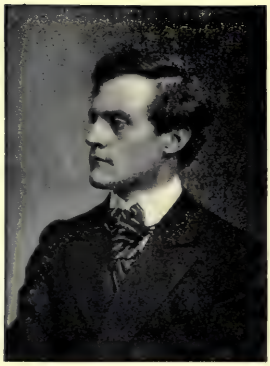
The house of healing open at thy gates
  Hath succoured many, and the salvage taught
Thy sons the skill to battle with the Fates
  That hold our busy travailing as naught.
Thy wards first saw the wise chirurgeon stay

The countless hosts, unseen, insatiate,
That make the flesh of wounded men their prey.
And ever as the stricken supplicate,
So life is opulent of ampler sway
And Death of immemorial empires desolate.

Thou readest, from the imperishable scroll
That is the urn of ashen Long Ago,
The secrets of the sanctuary of Mansoul,
The fires, the fret, the fortune man may know.
Thou art the teller of the timeless tales;
The gods and heroes, drowsing dispossest,
Regain their royaumes, and the nightingales
Outpour their silvery ramage, at thy hest,
Thrilling the glades of poesy: and sails
Gleam on the shoreless oceans of forgotten quest.

Sons thou hast bred whose names are charted clear
Across the realms achievement hath explored:
Teachers whose tones rang suasive and sincere,
And statesmen foremost at the council board;
Ecclesiastics strong to guide aright
In times of clamour, change, or doubt, or stress,
And men of science with their eyes alight
For nature's hidden and ordered loveliness;
Philosophers and scholars erudite
Who wrote and spoke and lived and died for righteousness.

Nor praise we less the uncounted, who have trod
The common round of service to their kind,
Whose bones are star-dust of the quickened sod,
Whose names are sown across the wandering wind,
Whose deeds are cadence of the choral song
That tempts the Future with its twinkling feet



'BENJAMIN SWIFT'

R. K. RISK

J. R. TANNAHILL

WILLIAM GOW

To rhythmical recurrence. Vanished throng
  In whom the heart of high endeavour beat
And kept the pulse of lowly duty strong,
Who lived the simple lives that keep a nation sweet.

O may the city of thy blood and bone,
  Coeval and co-partner of thy fame;
Thy sons who range through every girdling zone
  And magnify the splendours of thy name;
And golden fruitage of the topmost years,
  Thy daughters, unto dowered seisin born
Of mind's demesne; thy country, and thy peers,
  And smiling Plenty with her brimming horn,
And Destiny disdainful of her shears,
Acclaim the glad remembrance of thy natal morn!

J. Roy Tannahill

Mantis.

POOR Soul, poor Soul! why must you sit alone
  Under the magic of the earth and air,
When spells are in the leaf and in the stone
  And greater music than the brain can bear?
Shuddering lest he come and yearning yet,
  You dream and wait and dream: quick as a blast
The Wonder takes you captive in the net,
  The Glory of the Mountain clips you fast!
Smiling, he gives you peace because you ask it,
  Token of his handfasting, cruelly,
Pleasure enclosed in a lockless casket,
  Perpetual hunger digged by memory.

Thrilled with divine communications, pale
  With no more root in earth, you homeward creep;
And every night you watch without avail
  And all men take your watching for a sleep.
Flown with a dark evangel, break your wings
  Like giddy birds against a window-pane:
"*There is no meaning in the word he sings*
  "*Most surely moonstruck! Let him sing in vain.*"
Come these of Godhead blabbed in ears profane—
  Madness and mockery, servitude and death?
Impart the revelation or contain,
  These are the wages of the rarer breath!

Fairer than all, but not as others fair,
  She mated much with solitude, and drew
Light veils of melancholy round her hair:
  Wind-films dissembling ocean deeps from view.

Far from the city, on the mountainside
  She steeped in drowsy noon her thirsting sense;
And thinking, thinking, watched the high sun ride
  A metal heaven, in anguished indolence.

A million crickets' fiddling cracked the brakes;
  She heard the lizard whisper through the thyme;
Murmuring sound the full-drawn silence makes
  Possessed her like an unforgotten rhyme.

But all within was droughty emptiness;
  Her thought ran, dull and drugged, a tasteless road;
And all the things she knew and loved grew less—
  The deep earth dross for one unquarried lode.

When lo! beneath the plodding march of thought
  Sudden abysses dropt: her eyes were dark:
Vast expectation tingled out of naught;
  Her eyes saw strange like eyes half waking.—Hark!
A sudden hush of crickets told *The God!*
  Ray-white he came: the scarlet blossom, slow
Redressed her bruised plumes, grateful to be trod;
  Around the immortal temples seemed to grow
A little wind where every wind was laid,
  O strung for crowns of juvenal address,
Male on the brow but in the eyes a maid,
  Lord of the arena, breathing loveliness!

What says the orient sun to the opening rose?
  How greets the frankincense the altar fire?
As urgent seas behind a vessel close,
  The aching hollows of the heart's desire

Regorged with satisfaction. Full and fresh
  As lilies in a midnight rain she lay:
Little delights went arrowy through her flesh
  Like minnows in a brook on longest day.
The hours burned faster than a fire of straw:
  Only the balanced eagle, in ample rings
Scaling the towered air on Ida, saw
  Apollo and the child of Phrygian Kings.

Shimmering through the amethystine air—
  As when a Seagod with an earthquake's flaw
Cracks the sheeted sapphire calms that spare
  To wake a holy Eastern isle—she saw
Phoebus depart. Late in the sunset smoke
  She stole through Troy, to wonder all night long
And meet the morn with wonder; never spoke,
  But strained for echoes of elusive song.

The silly days were sheets of lead to robe her;
  Too strong for silence ah! but weak for speech,
To teasing sisters' questions put to probe her,
  Few words she said but miracles in each.
Was it a taunt from one of those who trod
  The rustling lady-chambers, made the treason?
Or willy-nilly she confest the God
  Shedding her secret like the rose in season—
Wrung from her as the notes of Memnon's harp,
  Which winds unasked along the desert roll?
Or did set lips fall open at the sharp
  Razor of thoughts unuttered, near the soul?

Did ever tiny grain of treason breed
  Such monstrous shades as choked Cassandra's head?
Forsaken, unforgetting, doomed to read
  Behind the golden veil the texts of dread,
She saw tall Troy crouch down into the fire,
  Royal women along the ruined street

Haled by the hair, because the World's-Desire
  Must jangle Europe and Asia at her feet.
Night after night she sucked the cup of dreams,
  Day after day they mocked her: "*Mind thy wool*":
Forewept her tears on the unregarded theme,
  Till lo! 'twas time; the cup of act was full!
Foam on the mouth, glazed eyes, a death in life:
  "*What epilepsies shake this wench of ours?*"
Doubt withers at the glance of Paris' wife
  Set safe within the curtain-crown of towers.

Pitched in the blue-nosed galley, prey to serve
  The war-worn monarch of the thousand ships;
What matter if they gallop home or swerve
  To wreck? Live carrion for the Lion's lips
In the house of carnage, yet she loved her shame
  Lest one be lost of all the pains in life:
Shrieking in alien ears to death she came
  By the She-Devil and the House-dog's knife.

J. S. Phillimore

James Watt.

It is related of Dr. Arnold that, on seeing a train running on one of the earliest railways, he exclaimed, "I rejoice to see it, and to think that feudality is gone for ever." And Carlyle writes: "Of the Poet's and Prophet's inspired message, and how it makes and unmakes whole worlds, I shall forbear to mention; but cannot the dullest hear steam engines clanking around him? Has he not seen the Scottish brass-smith's idea (and this but a mechanical one) travelling on fire wings round the Cape and across two oceans, and stronger than any other enchanter's familiar, on all hands unweariedly fetching and carrying; at home not only weaving cloth, but rapidly enough overturning the whole old system of society, and for Feudalism and Preservation of Game, preparing us, by indirect but sure methods, Industrialism and Government of the Wisest?"

Though the full fruits of political and social good which Carlyle foresaw may not yet have ripened, there can be no doubt that the growth of this industrialism is, if not the most beneficent, at least the most conspicuous contribution of the Nineteenth Century to that increasing purpose which runs through the ages.

To-day, when our thoughts are turned to the history of our University, it is fitting that we should recall the part she played in directing the career of one to whom, above

all others, we owe that vast development of the arts of peace and of war which has worked so great a change in the conditions of civilised life the world over.

James Watt must have inherited—if there is heredity in such matters—the faculties that made him the prototype of the scientific engineer. His grandfather was "Thomas Watt, professor of mathematics in Crawfordsdyk"; his uncle was a land surveyor and teacher of mathematics; and his father, who was a carpenter, shipwright, and general merchant, seems also to have had tastes that lay in the direction of mathematical science. Painted portraits of Newton and of Napier were hung on his parlour walls. Theory and practice may be said to have been blended in the very flesh and blood of the boy who was born in Greenock in 1736.

The years when Scotland was agitated by the Stuart Rebellion give us the first glimpse of the early life of Watt, who was destined to work a change more fundamental and far reaching than that which any political revolution could effect. We see a boy of fragile constitution enduring all the hardships which his bodily weakness brought upon him in the playground, and the no less severe trials of a dunce in the school-room. Unsuitable and uncongenial environment makes "dunces" of many, both young and old, whose thoughts are apt to wander beyond the trivialities that are within the easy grasp of commoner minds. When at the age of 14 he began to study mathematics his powers soon asserted themselves, and he speedily took the lead among his school-fellows.

Accustomed from childhood to the use of tools and of his pencil, he early became expert in handicrafts, while he eagerly read all the books on natural philosophy, chemistry, and other sciences that came in his way. His whole career from this point seems to flow in the most natural course. There are no great strokes of luck; there is no dramatic crisis which changes the course of the plot.

What could be more natural than that, when, at the age of eighteen, he came to Glasgow, he should on the one hand find employment with a tradesman who repaired mathematical instruments, fiddles, spectacles, and fishing tackle, and on the other hand make the acquaintance and secure the friendship of Dr. Dick, Professor of Natural Philosophy in this University. Nor could Dr. Dick, who was impressed with the exceptional knowledge and ability of the young mechanic, have given him other advice than to go to London to learn the trade of a philosophical instrument maker, for which he was so evidently qualified, and on the pursuit of which he had set his heart. Nor need we wonder that one year of apprenticeship (for the privilege of which he paid £20) sufficed to make him a thorough expert. But it was a year of *work*. Not content with the long hours spent in the service of his master, he contrived to earn a little for himself by getting up early and working on his own account before workshop hours. But this toil told upon his weak constitution, and he returned to Greenock suffering from "violent rheumatism," "a gnawing pain in the back," and "weariness all over the body." His whole life was overshadowed by constant dyspepsia and its natural accompaniment—chronic despondency. He wrote, in later life, to his partner Boulton, "There is no pitch of low spirits that I have not a perfect notion of, from hanging melancholy to peevish melancholy." He must indeed have had indomitable perseverance to work incessantly under such a burden and the scarcely lighter one of pecuniary difficulties; for his early career, like that of many others who have done great services as path-breakers in mechanical science, amply bears out Punch's proverb, "Invention is the mother of necessity."

A valuable collection of astronomical instruments had been bequeathed to the University; and we find Watt writing from Glasgow to his father in Greenock, under

date October 25, 1756: "I would have come down to-day, but that there are some instruments that are come from Jamaica that Dr. Dick desired that I would help to unpack, which are expected to-day." The minutes of a University meeting held on the following day contain the statement that "several of the instruments from Jamaica having suffered by the sea-air, especially those made of iron, Mr. Watt, who is well skilled in what relates to the cleaning and preserving of them, being accidentally in town, Mr. Moor and Dr. Dick are appointed to desire him to stay some time in town to clean them, and put them in the best order for preserving them from being spoiled." And six weeks later the same records show that "a precept was signed to pay James Watt five pounds sterling for cleaning and refitting the instruments lately come from Jamaica."

Watt next attempted to begin business as an instrument maker in Glasgow, but trade customs and prejudices were in his way. The Corporation of Hammermen would not permit one who was neither the son of a burgess nor a craftsman according to the uses of the trades to open even the smallest place of business within the city, nor even to use a workshop in which he might carry out his experiments.

Again, at this juncture, his connection with the University stood him in good stead. The Senate having complete control of all that went on within the University precincts, granted Watt the use of a room as a workshop, and another as a sale shop, in the College buildings, and appointed him "mathematical instrument maker to the University." Here he could ply his trade and carry on his business free from molestation by the city craftsmen. Nor did the professors grudge him any help that their science could afford. They made him their friend and confidant in their work to the mutual advantage of their science and his practice.

He at first occupied himself especially in the making of navigational instruments, and he managed to earn a moderate living by the sale of these. Though he did not attend any classes in the University, he devoted himself very earnestly to the study of science. He thus gained the friendship of Dr. Black, who was then lecturer on Chemistry and who held in succession the Chairs of Anatomy and the Practice of Medicine. Dr. Black thus speaks of him: "I soon had occasion to employ him to make some things which I needed for my experiments, and found him to be a young man possessing most uncommon talents for mechanical knowledge and practice, with an originality, readiness, and copiousness of invention, which often surprised and delighted me in our frequent conversations together. I had also many opportunities to know that he was as remarkable for the goodness of his heart, and the candour and simplicity of his mind, as for the acuteness of his genius and understanding. I therefore contracted with him an intimate friendship, which has continued and increased ever since that time."

But Watt made another friendship in his College workshop, a friendship which had a great influence upon all his future life. A young student of Natural Philosophy—John Robison by name—was brought to the workshop by three of Watt's patrons—Dr. Simpson, Professor of Geometry; Dr. Dick, Professor of Natural Philosophy; and Dr. Moor, Professor of Greek, all men with strong leanings towards Watt's favourite pursuits. Robison, who afterwards succeeded Dr. Black as lecturer on Chemistry (in which science he got his first instruction from Watt), and who subsequently occupied the Chair of Natural Philosophy in Edinburgh University, gives remarkable testimony to the mechanic's knowledge of the exact sciences. "After first feasting my eyes with the view of fine instruments, and prying into everything, I conversed with Mr. Watt. I saw a workman, and expected no more; but was sur-

prised to find a philosopher, as young as myself, and always ready to instruct me. I had the vanity to think myself a pretty good proficient in my favourite study, and was rather mortified at finding Mr. Watt so much my superior." Watt, on the other hand, owed much to Robison. He writes: "My attention was first directed, in the year 1759, to the subject of steam-engines by the late Dr. Robison, then a student in the University of Glasgow, and nearly of my own age."

The increase of his business and his approaching marriage led him to give up his rooms in the College, and in partnership with a man of some little means he opened a shop in the Saltmarket. Some three years later he removed to more commodious premises, as we learn from an advertisement in the *Glasgow Journal* of 1st December, 1763, to the effect: "James Watt has removed his shop from the Saltmercat to Mr. Buchanan's land in the Trongate, where he sells all sorts of Mathematical and Musical Instruments, with variety of Toys and other goods."

It is worthy of passing remark that both Watt, who may be looked upon as the founder of modern mechanical engineering, and Smeaton, who holds a corresponding place in regard to civil engineering, were mathematical instrument makers to trade.

Engineers in this country are apt to appraise somewhat lightly—to say the least of it—the proficiency of German manufacturers in the "toy business." Would it not be wiser to take note of the history of engineering progress, and to seriously consider the possibility, if not probability, that a *nation*, that begins by making its mark in the lighter branches of mechanical construction, may come, as did Smeaton and Watt, through a natural process of evolution, to lead the world in those great schemes which depend for their successful prosecution on the same science and a very analogous skill? Do we not already see much more than a beginning of this development, and has not

America's progress in engineering been along just such lines?

Watt's connection with the University was still maintained after he had gone into the toy business. He remained on terms of the most intimate professional intercourse with the science professors, and enjoyed their friendship in a more social way in the club which they frequented.

His abilities and knowledge were so extraordinary and came to be so widely known, that his contemporaries seem to have considered him well-nigh omnipotent in all matters pertaining to practical mechanics. When an organ was required for a masonic lodge in Glasgow, Watt was asked to build it, though it was well known that he had no ear for music, and could hardly tell one note from another But in this matter we have revealed to us the secret of his success, and the chief lesson which his life must have for those who are entering upon the profession which he followed and so greatly adorned. He called science to his aid where his experience and his natural gifts failed him. He studied the principles which must guide him, from *Smith's Harmonics*, and by a thorough understanding of the "theory of the beats of imperfect consonance," he produced an organ which was a "delight and astonishment" to the best performers. Nor did he make organs alone, but fiddles, flutes, and other musical instruments came from his hands, and Dr. Robison tells us that "Hardly any projects, such as canals, deepening the river, surveys or the like, were undertaken in the neighbourhood without consulting Mr. Watt; and he was even importuned to take charge of some considerable works of this kind, though they were such as he had not the smallest experience in."

Watt made a survey for a Forth and Clyde Canal, and this necessitated his appearance before a Committee of the House of Commons. Possibly, however, he might not have succeeded as a promoter of great national schemes

in civil engineering work—he seems to have lacked some of the qualities necessary for success in the launching of such projects. Indeed, he had enough of Parliamentary Committees on this one occasion, as appears from a letter to his wife written from London about this "confounded Committee of Parliament." He writes—"I think I shall not long to have anything to do with the House of Commons again :—I never saw so many wrong-headed people on all sides gathered together. As Mac says, I believe *the Deevil* has possession of them!"

He persevered, however, with civil engineering works on a considerable scale, and attained some celebrity in this branch of the profession, in river improvements, bridge, canal, and harbour works. Perhaps the greatest of his civil engineering works were his survey for the Crinan Canal and a survey for a canal between Fort-William and Inverness along almost the same line as that followed by the Caledonian Canal afterwards constructed by Telford.

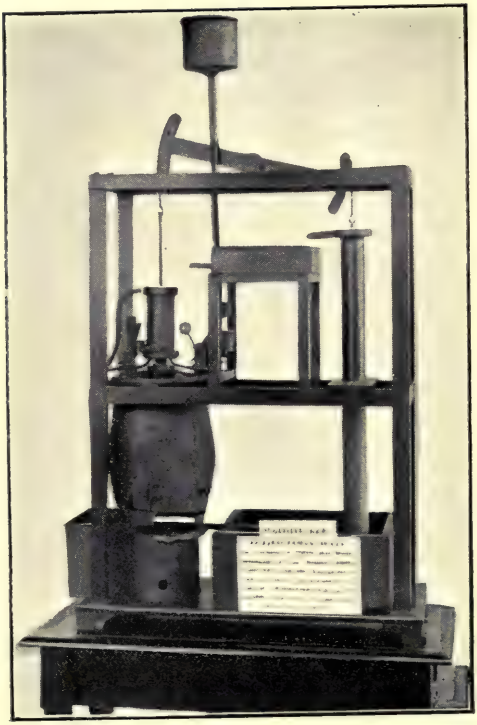
A brief digression is necessary in order to explain Watt's place among the inventors of the steam engine.

The earliest workers in the investigation of the powers and applications of steam were, naturally and necessarily, learned and scientific men, according to their times, rather than mechanics. Such were Porta, Rivault, De Caus, the Marquis of Worcester, Huyghens, and Savery, who laboured in the 17th century. With the beginning of the 18th century the steam engine may be said to have passed from the hands of the philosophers to those of the mechanics. The essential details for an engine of a kind had been invented, and the scientific principles and data had been sufficiently discovered. The mechanical arts had so far progressed that the parts of the engine could be constructed, though indeed in a very crude manner. All that was wanted was a mechanic of ability and resource to take the matter in hand. Such discovered himself in Thomas Newcomen, the blacksmith of Dartmouth.

The miners of Cornwall had begun to encounter difficulties in their search for richer minerals at deeper depths than they had hitherto attempted to reach, owing to the frequent flooding of the mines. Necessity produced her proverbial offspring. Newcomen constructed engines which were much in demand for mine pumping. In these engines steam at atmospheric pressure was admitted under a piston, which, by the descent of heavy pump rods, was caused to rise to the top of the cylinder. The communication with the boiler having been closed, the cylinder was cooled by the application of water on the outside, and the vacuum produced caused the piston to descend, raising the pump rods and water.

To prevent the access of air to the cylinder while the vacuum existed under the piston, Newcomen maintained a layer of water on the top of the piston. One day, while watching one of his engines at work, he was surprised to see it animated with unwonted vigour, and, searching for the cause, he found a hole in the piston which allowed the water to leak into the cylinder, accelerating the condensation, and producing a much better vacuum than he had previously attained. This at once suggested to Newcomen the expedient of injecting condensing water into the cylinder, instead of applying it to the outside. This and other improvements—including the self-acting gear which the valve-boy Potter contrived, to afford himself leisure from his duty of turning the cocks at each stroke of the engine—enabled Newcomen to produce much improved engines, whose only fault in the eyes of his clients was that they were too greedy in fuel.

A model of Newcomen's engine belonging to the University,—still preserved as one of the treasures of this place,—was entrusted to Watt for repair in 1763. The circumstance could hardly fail to produce great results. Watt had all the necessary knowledge of science; he had already made some study of the steam-engine problem; he



NEWCOMEN'S ENGINE

had carried out experiments on the properties of steam; he could work with his own hands; and, further, he possessed the instincts of a student and those of a scientific discoverer. Dr. Robison again says of him, "Everything became to him a subject of new and serious study,—everything became science in his hands." He studied the model, experimented with it, discovered its wastefulness of steam, and set to work systematically to find the cause. He made numerous experiments, in the course of which he discovered the latent heat of steam, the theory of which had shortly before been worked out, unknown to Watt, by his friend Professor Black, who in later years rendered him much needed pecuniary assistance in the development of his great invention. He arrived at and clearly enunciated the principle which must underlie any attempt to greatly reduce the waste of fuel in the Newcomen engine. He saw that the chief source of loss lay in the cylinder being cooled at each stroke only to be reheated at the expense of the new charge of steam.

This led at once to his first great invention—from which all the others flowed—that of the separate condenser. The invention was fully worked out in his mind while he was taking an afternoon walk on Glasgow Green in 1765. In a few days he had formulated the principles of double action, of the steam jacket, the surface condenser, and other cardinal improvements, though pecuniary difficulties delayed the carrying out of these inventions, on the large scale, for several years.

Here, then, we have characteristic examples of two processes of invention. Newcomen, the blacksmith, made his success through accidental observation; Watt, the man of science, made his great invention by reasoning founded upon the knowledge of the laws of nature which he had acquired through a long course of study and experiment. There was no accident there.

It is a remarkable coincidence, and one that cannot be

passed over here and now without remark, that it was during the very years in which another of the great sons of our Alma Mater was writing his immortal *Inquiry into the Nature and Causes of the Wealth of Nations* that Watt worked out, in practical shape, the greatest of his inventions, an invention destined, in the century which followed, to bulk more largely among the "causes of the wealth of nations" than any other product of one man's genius.

Watt's other inventions are too numerous to mention, and many of those of first importance—such as the parallel motion, the governor, and the steam-engine indicator—are well known to have come from him. But the very multiplicity of his inventions makes his name be little associated with some of his most fruitful works. Had he made no other invention, his name would probably have become known, wherever business is conducted, in connection with his method, still almost universally in use, of copying letters by means of the copying press.

We cannot here follow the steps of his later career—his partnership with Boulton; his share in the discovery of the composition of water; his disappointments and battles with piratical imitators; and his ultimate triumphs—nor can we dwell upon the many qualities of head and heart which endeared him to his friends through the whole course of his long life of 83 years.

Watt made substantial recognition of his indebtedness to the University by instituting the Watt Prize—now the Watt Scholarship in Engineering. In 1808 (eleven years before his death) he wrote to Principal Taylor: "Entertaining a due sense of the many favours conferred upon me by the University of Glasgow, I wish to leave them some memorial of my gratitude, and, at the same time, to excite a spirit of inquiry and exertion among the students of Natural Philosophy and Chemistry attending the College; which appears to me the more useful, as the very existence of Britain, as a

nation, seems to me, in great measure, to depend upon her exertions in science and the arts."

These last words have a very familiar sound. The fear that others may outstrip us in the application of science to the arts of construction and production, is no bugbear set up by present day theorists. Fortunately the early engineers had a due appreciation of the importance of scientific study, and though much of our national pre-eminence has, in the mean time, been lost, the nation is again alive to the danger which Watt and his contemporaries foresaw and did their best to avert.

If it was fitting that Watt should recognise the debt he owed to the University that was in very truth his Alma Mater, though he was never enrolled as a regular alumnus, it is equally fitting that there should be here some special memorial that will show that those who have reaped so much where he had sown, are sensible of their debt to him and through him to those who were his friends in need and indeed. And no memorial could be more in accordance with the spirit that animated him in all his life's work or more after his own heart, than one devoted to the early training of engineers in the science which he did so much to found, and to the furtherance of such experimental enquiries as those in which he himself engaged with so much benefit to mankind. Such objects were in his own mind when he instituted his prize. In the letter of gift above referred to he expresses the belief that, he was not actuated by vanity but by the desire to stimulate others to do as he had done. The "James Watt Engineering Laboratories" which are now approaching completion will form such a memorial. The buildings have been erected by the aid of a munificent grant from the Bellahouston Trustees and by appropriations from the residue of the Randolph Bequest and other University funds; the equipment of the laboratories is in the hands of a Committee of leading citizens—engineers and others—which was formed

under the chairmanship of the late Mr. James Reid of Hyde Park, and is now presided over by Sir William Arrol.

The extent of the buildings and the nature of the equipment cannot be here described in detail, but the scale upon which they have been planned may be gathered from a few figures. The buildings have a frontage to the main avenue of 216 feet. The principal laboratory is 134 feet by 54 feet—that is somewhat narrower, but 20 feet longer, than the Bute Hall. There are other laboratories for Hydraulics, Electrical Engineering and Practical Mechanics, besides a Boiler and Furnace Room. The buildings also include a Lecture Theatre and two smaller class-rooms, a Drawing Class Room to accomodate about 80 students at one time, a museum, a library, and other apartments.

The primary object of the promoters has been the provision of means for the advancement and diffusion of Engineering Science; they have associated the name of the great pioneer with these laboratories in the same spirit as animated those who erected the Watt Monument in Westminster Abbey, and inscribed thereon the eloquent words of Lord Brougham, "Not to perpetuate a name which must endure while the peaceful arts flourish, but to show that mankind have learned to honour those who best deserve their gratitude."

Archibald Barr.

JOHN OLDRED SCOTT, F.S.A. }
JOHN J. BURNET, A.R.S.A. } Architects

JAMES WATT ENGINEERING LABORATORIES

The Arimathæan.

I MAY but mutter my own wonderment
Here in the sepulchre where I laid him
Still hot from suffering. Pilate gave me leave,
Harsh Pilate marvelling he was early dead.
And I too marvelled, waiting a miracle
For our new Prophet out of Nazareth,
At whose word when he spake of Tyre and Sidon,
Easing their destinies, Sidon shook,
As rumour came. But he foresaw that Cross
Which now stands empty in large doom-gesture
Of its open arms. Lo, as I climbed the steep
Bearing this linen—alas, empty too—
This linen for his death-dress—now, alas, cold—
And Nicodemus followed with his myrrhs,
The sun that was hid all day, cloud-bound,
Shone red upon the Cross and the holy limbs.
Some lingered still about the woeful place
In stooped and broken posture of their awe,
The Magdalene at the foot o' the Cross
And on each side friends of the malefactors
At theirs, waiting weird flitting of their ghosts.
Lo, it was through the dusts of suffering
We seemed to search him where he hung, and came
Dizzy i' the tragic light, impelled
To take him down from that stretched shame . . .
We felt the wood o' the Cross warm as we touched,
And eased the dreadful clinging of the nails,
While the Crown dropped from its Height . . .
We turned our faces from the holy Blood
That seemed like drippings of the world's red grape.
I took him, I alone, though others sought,
Making sad whimperings, to bear a part,

And soft upbraidings of my mastery—
Nay, for I loved him, waited for his Kingdom,
Seeming to me to be the Kingdom's King!
So I bore him, his Head against my head,
Pressing him to me, murmuring as I went.
Now I remember, now I understand!
They said I seemed to carry—as it were—
A broken rainbow, sharing in its light,
And they too shared it following where it dropped.
It was a weightless Body. I might have known
It had put on Its incorruption: At Its touch
I thrilled and trembled; there were worlds in that!
I seemed to hold dumb musick in my hands,
And feel an inner rumour of the victory,
Inward applause and bruit of victory
And hidden smiling, as if the Body
Knew the wisdom of Its tribulation.
Lo, I was carrying a mystery,
And seem to bear it with me all these days.
How can I marvel he is risen,
Though I weep with Magdalene and the rest
Here in the empty sepulchre and dark,
Which thrilled and brightened when we laid him?
Yet do I follow through the glimmering world
If haply I may find him, as some did,
Perchance in a sweet wood lingering,
Or by his haunts where he loved the lilies
Or walking on a glimmering road at dawn!
Sure, he has found a place to lay his head
By the foxes' holes, leaving my cold tomb
For the light o' the sun. But he flees away
Into the intolerable distance,
Though I hoped to lie beside him . . .
I have searched the dark marge of Galilee
And the ripe corners of the fields. Not there!
The April fields shine and are desolate.

He has passed. The Synagogue is empty!
I stand i' the totterings of my faith
And the bruit of an invisible world
Brought near, they say, or we nearer to it
As by some sudden doubtful outpost pushed
Into the unseen where it glimmers . . . Pale King,
I, Joseph of Arimathæa,
Here in the dark and fall of my faith
Crave thy dear Body for a Comforter . . .
Ah then, if not thy Body, lo, thy Cross!

William Romaine Paterson
(Benjamin Swift)

The Rise of the Higher Education of Women Movement in Glasgow.

THE Higher education and the University education of women are the growths of the wonderful century that has just passed away, and are not the least of its developments, not so much from a merely educational point of view as from its far-reaching consequences.

In order fully to understand this, we must take a retrospective glance at the position of women in the later part of the 18th century, and the early part of the 19th. Our great-grandmothers and our grandmothers led very busy and active lives; they represented the wise woman in the book of Solomon much more than the women of the present day—"They span wool and flax and looked well to the ways of their households." The lairds' wives were the doctors, apothecaries, and distributers of charity in their country districts; they superintended the making of wine and beer and preserves, and the gathering of herbs and balsams. The making of household clothes and superintending the children gave them such busy lives that there was little or no time for book-learning, even had they been able to obtain it. Their education was got at the parish school or from private tuition by the parish dominie, with an occasional summer of tuition, shared with their brothers, by a University student. Those who could afford it sent their

daughters for a session or two to the nearest town for the sake of a few accomplishments.

The times required women of this kind. They were shrewd, capable women, wise in their generation. They were necessary as mothers of strong enterprising men who were able to stem the inroads of revolution, and at the same time take advantage of the larger liberty, political and commercial, that gradually sprang from the Union; for we must remember that Scotland was a young country in everything except fighting, song-writing, a love for mental philosophy, and much religious zeal. The "Predominant Partner" had advantages we could not cope with; so the small northern nation required all the grit, energy, and patriotic devotion to its rights and duties that her sons and daughters could give. And well they did it, for it is to them we owe the position we have at this day.

The invention of machinery, and the discoveries in chemistry, made a gradual change in the social lives of women. Among other things, leisure was given to them; more than they knew what to do with; so the languid invalidish lady became the fashion, and fainting upon all occasions, whether trying to the nervous system, or not, was thought becoming to a gentlewoman! Extreme chaperonage, and the dependence upon their menkind to which women were subjected, made life at that period very dreary. Education beyond a limited amount was discouraged, and to write books was thought most unbecoming to the position of women of rank.

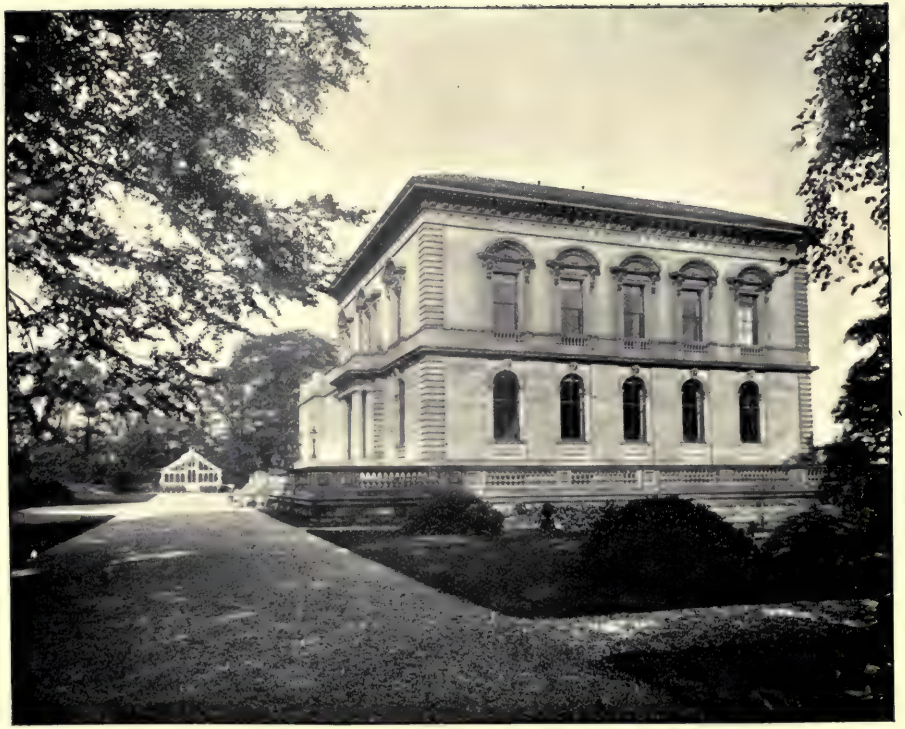
There have always been women who surmounted the difficulties of their position and the prejudices of society, and excelled in literature and in song; but it was done by means of great talent and individuality, and laborious study. Many of the most successful write most bitterly of the position of literary women in those days.

The sewing machine has been one of the great emancipa-

tors of women from the dreary round of household needlework. This was a great occupation for indigent gentlewomen, but the daughters of families had a large share of it, and to make a shirt was considered a necessary accomplishment. Others, who could indulge in a higher class of work, covered their rooms with laborious patterns in cross-stitch, may examples of which may be seen in old country houses. As an illustration of this I remember, 50 years ago, several ladies working a most elaborate and beautiful carpet to present to the wife of a public man who had done some special service. At the present day such a testimonial would take a different form.

As there was a reaction from the great energy of our grandmothers to the fashionable languor of the next generation, so there was a reaction from the latter to the more sensible moderation of the present day, when Higher Education makes women more fitted for the duties of life, not only at home, but broadened out to their fellow-creatures. The advent of Robert Burns and Sir Walter Scott and the brilliant little circle of Edinburgh society in their day produced a great literary enthusiasm in the country, and it became fashionable—and even necessary for entrance into society—to be able to quote and repeat long passages of sentiment or poetry. This had little or no direct influence on the education of women; but I have no doubt it was the prelude to it, and created a desire for higher culture though the door was not yet open to women.

As an instance of this, I remember that some of us wished to study Shakespeare, and we heard of a retired actor who we fondly hoped would enlighten us and give us much intellectual pleasure. When he came and found what was expected, he shook his head and said: "Ladies, I can teach you to read Shakespeare, but beyond that I cannot go." Of course there were books which might have satisfied us, but we wanted the reciprocity of mind



QUEEN MARGARET COLLEGE

and the charm of the human voice that is found in the lecture, and the time had come for it.

The greater educational growth in this country began about the middle of last century. The old parish schools, which made the Scottish peasantry the best educated in the world, and did much for the education of all classes, became quite inadequate for the increasing population of the country, and the Government took the matter into their own hands and instituted the Board School system. This gave an impetus to all classes, especially to women, and the desire for a higher education became universal. University honours were a dream, the realisation of which was scarcely expected; but in almost all University towns a desire to share in the teaching became manifest.

In Glasgow it was first discussed about 1868, at a dinner party in one of the professors' houses at the University. After dinner the ladies in the drawing-room suggested the idea of having a course of lectures, and I was deputed to ask the late Professor Nichol, who was one of the guests, to give a course of lectures on English literature. I well remember how he shook back his fine head, and with astonished looks said: "I lecture to ladies! No one would come and listen to me; the thing is preposterous." However, by great persuasion, we got him to consider the matter, and the result was a large, enthusiastic audience, and a most brilliant course of lectures. They were delivered in the Corporation Galleries, and were open to gentlemen as well as to ladies. This was really the introduction to the Higher and University education of women; it was the first time lectures were given by the special request of women, and their earnestness was shewn by having them continued. Professor Young, Professor E. Caird, Dr. M'Kendrick, and others gave lectures on their own subjects for some successive years.

In 1876 a great impetus was given to this movement in consequence of a conference held at a meeting of the British Association. The desire for lectures had been excellent as a first step, but we had found it unreliable. So in 1877 it was resolved to hold a public meeting to put the movement upon a more solid foundation by the institution of an Association for the "higher education of women in Glasgow and the West of Scotland." Principal Caird presided at the meeting, when the object of the Association was declared to be—to offer to women, as far as possible, teaching similar to that given to men by the Universities, and to promote generally the higher culture and education of women. H.R.H. the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, graciously agreed to become president of this Association, and I became vice-president. Mrs. Scott was associated with me for a few years, but retired in 1883. There was a general committee of 37 ladies, with an acting committee of 10. The first session of this Association began in November, 1877, when we arranged for the delivery of six short courses of lectures on University subjects by University Professors, and two consecutive courses on French literature. All these were, with the kind permission of the Senate, given in the University class-rooms; and the first session was opened by an address given by the late Dr. A. B. M'Grigor, then Dean of Faculty. We are proud to acknowledge the services of Dr. M'Grigor; he was a member of our earliest committee, and remained so till the end, seldom missing a meeting, and being always ready to help us with his rare judgment. Indeed, he was one of the best friends of the movement.

One reason for the prosperity of our cause was that, from the first, we connected ourselves with the University; we made no movement without due consultation with the authorities there, and we always met with a cordial response and every consideration from them. The late

Principal Caird always encouraged us to continue "knocking at the door of the University till we got the honours we desired." Professor Edward Caird, now Master of Balliol, and Mrs. Caird, we are proud to remember among our earliest and long-continued friends. The late Professor Veitch, and Professor and Mrs. Young were also with us all along, Dr. Young becoming the founder of our prosperous medical school. There were other ladies and gentlemen connected with the Association too numerous to mention, besides Mrs. Lindsay, who was joint honorary secretary with Miss Galloway from 1877 till the incorporation of the Association as a College in 1883, Mrs. Campbell Douglas, Dr. Stewart, Mr. John Spens, Professor Smart, Miss Jane Macarthur, and Miss Galloway; but these are they who continued with us from the beginning till the end, when we became absorbed in the University. Nothing so much showed the vitality of the movement as the continued steps onward it made through prejudice and indifference, till it reached its desired haven within the University, with all its honours and privileges.

Our ideal was a College of the University exclusively for women, and for this end we worked for many years. In April, 1877, Miss Galloway was invited to become hon. secretary of the Association. By education and natural capacity she was highly suited for the position; she was a worthy coadjutor with us in our beginnings, our aspirations and difficulties, and still remains the esteemed honorary secretary of Queen Margaret College. From the first Miss Galloway took up her position on the side of the College; she desired for the students all educational possibilities, and wished that the College might gradually learn to govern itself through its higher students. She had a great respect for constituted authority, and so was most suitable for our peculiar position with regard to the University. Her work has been purely voluntary; her reward has been in the devotion of the students, whose

well-being has been her life-work—for her interest in them at home and in all parts of the world never fails.

In 1878 bursaries were offered to encourage girls to enter for local examinations, and an endowment fund was suggested. Examinations in Music (Theory and Practice) were organised in connection with the Society of Arts, the late well-known Dr. Hullah and Mr. W. A. Barrett acting for many years as Examiners. Rooms were engaged in St. Andrews Halls for tutorial classes, and a library was formed.

A very interesting phase of Higher Education was at this early time proposed and carried out. It was the institution of Correspondence Classes, to enable girls at a distance to get the benefits of higher education through correspondence, and to prepare for the local examinations of the University of Glasgow. This has been a great boon to girls living in distant parts of the country, and has brightened many a home. Some idea of the rapid growth of these classes and of their appreciation may be gathered from the fact that, begun in 1879 with 19 pupils, they increased until in 1882 they had 470 pupils on the roll, including students in many lands besides Great Britain and her Colonies. We were most fortunate in securing the services of Miss Jane M'Arthur as hon. secretary. She really founded this course of education in Glasgow and the West of Scotland, and carried it on for many years. She was a most highly gifted woman, with a remarkable personality and a great enthusiasm for the work she undertook. This she imparted to both tutors and students; she often said that her reward lay in the gratitude she received from all parts of the country —not only from girls who, without her aid, never could have passed examinations, or educated themselves to become governesses, but also from others living in remote country houses, whose lives were brightened by this educational correspondence. Miss Jane M'Arthur had an

unerring eye in choosing her Tutors, and she enlisted into her work the most promising young graduates of the University. Among them we may mention the names of men who now hold places of high trust in the educational world, Professors Sonnenschein and Muirhead of Birmingham, Professor Herkless of St. Andrews, Professor Walker of Lampeter, Professor Mackenzie of Cardiff, Professor Jones of Glasgow University, and many more, all of whom, like ourselves of Queen Margaret College, are proud to have called her friend.

One great object of our Association was the education of governesses. No sadder position in the past generations could be found than that of the indigent gentlewoman; oftentimes she found herself in the position of requiring to earn her bread, with no opportunities of doing so except by becoming a governess, and for this task she was suited neither by education nor capacity. Every opportunity was given by the Association for education, and a memorial was sent to the University asking for the institution of "Higher Local Examinations" for women in addition to the senior and junior examinations for girls. This was granted, and the Association decided to meet the requirements of these Higher Examinations by increasing the number of the lectures and adding to the tutorial classes.

Thus the Higher Education proceeded step by step, always keeping in view its practical aim to offer to every girl such a full and generous education as would fit her for any position in life. For the sake of those who wished to be governesses we established a Registry, which ultimately became associated with the "Rugby Calendar for Women Teachers who had passed University Examinations." A Loan Fund was also instituted to assist students to carry on their education and prepare for more advanced work. Thus it will be seen that women were preparing themselves, as far as they could, for University teaching

and showing by their earnestness in working that they were worthy of being admitted to its honours. The Universities, on the other hand, were most courteous and willing, but they could not open their doors without an Act of Parliament. They offered us certificates, and many thought we should be satisfied with them; but it seemed hard to exact the same work and give an inferior reward, and we could not accept a lower standard. It is one of men's highest ambitions to have letters added to their names as an evidence of intellectual rank, and it is natural that women who attain the same position should desire the same honours, especially when entering professional work. In order to further this aim, which all along we had kept in view, our Association united their efforts with those of others interested in the subject, in Edinburgh and elsewhere, in petitioning for an Act of Parliament to enable the Scottish Universities to grant these privileges; and this resulted, after a delay of several years, in the appointment, in 1889, of the Scottish Universities Commissioners, by whose Ordinance eventually, in 1892, these Universities and their degrees were opened to women. During six years the lectures kindly given by the University Professors in connection with the Association went on with success and good results; and the courses were lengthened from twelve lectures to twenty-five, and then to forty.

Meantime, in 1883, the Committee had seen it to be advisable, in order the better to accomplish their aims, and to ensure the greater stability and development of the work, to incorporate the Association as a College under the Companies Act. With the assistance of Mr. John A. Spens and other friends, this was done; and the College was named "Queen Margaret," after Margaret of Scotland, wife of King Malcolm Canmore, perhaps the earliest patroness in Scotland of Literature and Art. Instead of the Association's Committee, which had con-

sisted exclusively of ladies, the new governing body of the College was a Council of twenty-one members, of whom nine were ladies (members of the former committee) and twelve were gentlemen; of the latter, two, Professor E. Caird and Professor Young, the earliest helpers in the movement, were appointed by the Senate of the University; one was appointed by the School Board, one by the Merchants' House, and the remainder—of whom three were Professors, and one a University Lecturer—by the College. H.R.H. Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, continued to be president of the College, and I remained vice-president. All the lecturers in the College were appointed by the Council, and were without exception University Professors or Graduates. The classes were organised on University lines, and the subjects for the Arts degree were taught, with the addition of French and German Literature and Languages, History, Art, Drawing, Painting, and the Theory of Music.

In order to carry on the increasing work of the College, it now became necessary to raise an endowment fund, and £10,000 was aimed at. Mrs. John Elder had been interested all along in the work of our Association, and had given us several bursaries. I called upon her to ask her to assist us in this endowment, and was answered in the most generous manner. She thought our first object should be to get a college; and finding North Park House for sale, and learning that it was in every way suitable for a women's college, she presented it to us. One condition was, however, attached to the gift, viz., that though the building was to be occupied rent free, the title deeds were not to be handed over to the Council of the College until a clear £20,000 had been collected as an endowment fund. Mrs. Elder showed her wisdom in this arrangement, and I gladly took upon myself the responsibility of collecting this money. With the assistance of my husband and many friends, too

numerous to mention, I got the money required after some years of weary work. The late Mr. Alex. Smart and his son, Professor Smart, most generously laid the foundation of the fund by giving £3000 to endow a chair. The late Mrs. A. Coats was also one of our most generous benefactors, and became a member of our committee.

From time to time, however, the endownent fund was much encroached upon by necessary repairs and additions to the College, and eventually it was resolved to hold a Bazaar in 1892 to complete the endowment. This was a great success, and was much assisted by students, past and present, from all parts of the country.

The Higher Education did not commend itself to every one; it was neither charity nor philanthropy, and most people were satisfied with women as they were. There were great fears entertained about too-highly educated women, but these have all been dissipated; vast fields of useful work are opening up for them, and maiden ladies especially have never had such free, happy, and useful lives as in this century.

In 1890 the Medical School for Women in Queen Margaret College was founded. This became one of the most useful and important branches of education for women. It was ably carried out through the guidance and constant care of Professor Young, who was appointed by the Council Dean of the School. Here again we were much indebted to the generous help of our never-failing friend, Mrs. Elder, who provided for the initial expenses and those of the first three years of the Medical School. The College can never forget their obligation to Mrs. Elder for her unfailing interest in all the branches of woman's education and work.

In August, 1888, the College was honoured by a visit from her late Majesty, Queen Victoria. In November of the same year, and again on the establishment of the

Medical School in October, 1890, H.R.H. the Princess Louise visited the College, as its president, and showed much interest in the teaching and work.

In 1892 the Universities Commissioners issued an Ordinance which authorised the Scottish Universities to open the degrees to women, and to provide for them instruction in University subjects. The College was in a position to take full advantage of this Ordinance. The ideal that we had worked for all those years, of a College for women within the University, was realised, but not carried out as we expected. The Ordinance not only opened the University honours to women, but opened its classes also. Thus the students had it in their power to take full advantage of University teaching. The great prejudice against mixed classes had somewhat broken down, and so we were obliged to lay our ideal at the feet of necessity, and arrange that our students could have instruction both at the College and at the University.

The Medical School is entirely conducted in Queen Margaret College, and will always be there. When the generosity of the public enables the Directors of the Western Infirmary to open its doors to women, our Hospital training will be within a short distance of the College, and this will be of enormous benefit to our Medical students. In handing over the College to the University, Mrs. Elder wisely made it a condition that it was always to be a College for women, and it will continue to be a centre for higher education. Women's capacities and opportunities have so broadened out that there seems no end to the work that lies before them, and we confidently expect that Queen Margaret College will be the beloved *alma mater* of many generations.

In this slight sketch of the building-up of the College, I have not touched upon the educational side, or upon the student life, and its important auxiliary the Students' Union, which has developed much philanthropic and social

work, superintended and encouraged by Miss Galloway; others, more experienced, will do that.

One aspect I would like to mention before closing, and this is the unfailing courtesy of the men students towards the women students; and the men's desire that the women should share their honours shews that the Queen Margaret students have earned their position, and that University education does not deteriorate womanhood, but rather lends to it a special grace.

Last Graduation day a woman student occupied the honourable position of Logan Medallist, that medal being awarded annually to the best graduate of the year in the whole University; she was greeted by such cheers as only University Students know how to bestow, shewing that a generous rivalry is appreciated, and is developing a higher chivalry than the world has yet known.

Jessie Campbell

Queen Margaret College in the Middle Ages.

It was "a blast o' Janwar win'" which, in 1885, "blew hansel in upon" Queen Margaret College, and a very good hansel it has proved to all of us. We began well upon that January evening, under royal patronage, with the approval and presence of Principal and Professors of Glasgow University, with all that was most enlightened and representative of society in the West of Scotland, and with the good wishes of John Ruskin, Matthew Arnold, Walter Besant, William Black, and Henry Drummond. It is true that the College had been opened in the previous November, by Professor Young, but somehow the social opening—the gathering, under the wide hospitable roof of the College, of teachers, students, and well-wishers—caused us, the girls of Glasgow, to realise for the first time the magic which underlies the words—*alma mater*. One other meeting-place of the old and the new, and one other event had been added to the history of Scotland. For a time—indeed, for all time—for most of us gathered there, prejudice was forgotten, ignorance and timidity silenced, and woman—if she wanted it—was to have her chance under the auspices of one of the greatest Universities. So the new life, that had had but a chilly infancy in rented halls, had at last acquired, as Principal

Caird said, "a local habitation and a name." About this name it is curious to note that in so Protestant a country as Scotland the saintship of Margaret is more often insisted upon than her royalty; and when she is, in her collegiate sense, favoured with her legal title, an objectionable and wholly unnecessary "S" is tacked on by the careless. Surely, after so many years of robust life, it is not too much to expect that by students, at least, the Women's Department of Glasgow University should be known by its proper name and style: "Queen Margaret College."

Lingering for a moment over that long past evening's entertainment, it is interesting to remember that Mrs. George Craik was one of the guests of the College; and perhaps it is hardly less interesting to recall the extraordinary vigour with which the younger lecturers danced in their gowns, and with what academic grace, it may also be with questionable honesty, they chalked their shoes with college chalk.

It was, if I may so speak, quite another pair of shoes in which these same lecturers stood to address the occupants of the College benches next class day. It was an anxious and critical moment, when a young lecturer, scarcely more nervous than the "young ladies"—for that we were students had scarcely been realised—mildly instructed us to say "adsum" when the roll was called. This we felt to be a distinct stage upon the road to academic learning. There was a classic flavour about *adsum*: it was reminiscent of Colonel Newcome, and, more important still, with *alma mater*; it comprised our whole knowledge of the dead languages.

I suppose the lecturers were as much amused by our ways as we were by theirs, and most likely on their side, as well as ours, the amusement verged sometimes upon annoyance. I well remember how much indignation we expended, privately, needless to say, upon one young

gentleman, now a well-known professor in a neighbouring University, who apologised to his class at Gilmorehill for the feebleness of one of his lectures, by remarking naïvely that it had been "prepared for the weaker intellects of Queen Margaret College." Another lecturer afforded us unmitigated amusement by requesting that the large mirror at the end of the lecture hall should be draped, because he thought his reflection upon its surface might have a disconcerting effect upon us! Excellent youth! had he only known it, some of his reflections upon the margin of our exercises disconcerted us ten times more. On a particularly windy March day, the entire College was thrown into intense excitement by the sudden demand made by a professor for a comb, by which to reduce his somewhat poetic locks to order. By such agreeable episodes was our way cheered in the middle ages.

Before passing to other subjects, I wish to place on record on behalf of the students of those past years their appreciation of the kindness, the encouragement, the patience, the benefit they received from the teaching of such men as Professor M'Cormick, the Rev. D. S. Adam, Dr. Elster, Mr. Mackenzie, Dr. Fullarton, M. Kunz, Mr. Laundy, Mr. Buchanan, Professor Fiedler, Mr. Alexander, Professor Smart, Mr. Cramb, and Professor Wenley. To the professors we owe a still greater debt. They were older men, and had grown into University ways into which women had not penetrated; yet they, setting aside in some cases personal feeling, and in all sacrificing a too scanty leisure, came down to Queen Margaret College, and gave us of their best. Some of these men can to the present generation of students be names and nothing more, but to those of us who were taught by Professor John Nichol, Professor Veitch, and Professor Edward Caird, by Professor M'Kendrick, Professor Young, Professor Blyth, and Professor Lindsay, neither the names

of these teachers, living or dead, nor what they did for us, can ever be forgotten.

English Literature has always been a favourite subject, and in the days of Professor Nichol and Mr. M'Cormick the classes were large and enthusiastic; but it was left for Duffield, the janitor of the day, to decide their respective places, and the importance of the subject they professed :—

"Henglish Literature hain't nothink," said this critic to me on one occasion, "hit's just the wey hit's read: M'Cormick hain't bad, but Nichol 'e can do it"—and he could.

Duffield had, as has been shown, a free and easy style of criticism, but he was an excellent janitor and a firm friend to the Higher Education, as long as its votaries did not run upon his polished floors. His successor, Forrest, was a genius. There was nothing he couldn't do in the way of stage carpentry: give him brown paper, some wood, a pot of paint, and in a few minutes he would stage any play.

The mere mention of the word "play" conjures up a host of memories, and brings me naturally to speak of the social life of the College—for we were sociable in those days. Miss Galloway's evenings had early been instituted, and then, as now, theatricals were a favourite form of entertainment. For the very first play, Mr. Baynham with great kindness came to make us up, and with still greater kindness, in the eyes of quavering amateur actors, withdrew before the performance began. The best-known actresses of early days were Margaret Watson and Edith Sheriff-Macgregor.

Nor were we without our literary pretensions. At this moment there lies before me a copy of the College Magazine, brought out, literally, by a most energetic editress and committee. Think of it, editors of the G.U.M., as you drink deep o' the pride o' state, with an attentive printer and devil at your elbow,—think, I say, of the devotion of an editress, who not only edits

but cyclostyles the contributions! Think also of the heroism of the readers! But, to be sure, we were nearly all contributors. With this enterprise I associate the names of Janet Paton and Margaret Fullerton.

The formation of the Debating Society took place on 21st December, 1885, and its first regular meeting, to debate the not very exciting motion: "That novel-reading is beneficial," was held on January 11th, 1886. Mrs. Campbell of Tullichewan was elected president, Miss Colquhoun, vice-president, and Miss Robertson, now Mrs. Rees-Price, honorary secretary. The most exciting event in the history of the Society, though it came later, was a debate upon the literary position of Mr. Rudyard Kipling, between its members and those of the Dialectic Society. At the eleventh hour the powers that were stepped in and ordained that if the debate went on at all it must do so in a mutilated fashion, namely, that we of the College Society might write our papers, but that we could not be permitted to read them. We were advised that as affiliation of College to University was in the air, it was a critical moment in our history, and that if we persisted in supporting our own opinions in our own persons, we must prejudice the public against the cause of higher education. We bowed to these sentiments, and had the doubtful pleasure of hearing our papers read by members of the Dialectic Society—albeit they were excellent readers. Notwithstanding these little drawbacks, our evening at the Union was an entertaining one, and the courtesy of our numerous hosts perfect. Among the orators who supported us were, I remember, Dr. John Paterson, Mr. R. S. Horne, Mr. Fred. Macquisten, and Mr. W. P. Hanks.

Present students of Queen Margaret College find matter for mirth in the fact that a tea club flourished amongst us, but they forget that long ago there was no kind Mr. Hubbard with a dainty tea-room close at hand.

Music had not then fallen into its present disrepute. Accomplishments still lingered amongst us, and in sufficient degree to promote and maintain a Musical Society.

The two interesting events of 1888 were the visits of the Queen in August, and of the Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, who came in November; two years later H.R.H. paid the College a second visit, and opened the New Medical School. It was to be the last glimpse of the Queen for many of us, and we cherish more now than ever we did the honour she conferred upon us, and feel how truly she was always ready to support, to quote her own kind words, "every movement which tends to raise the position of woman."

But those of us whose time at College was drawing to a close, felt that it would be a good thing to have some bond of Union, other than that of the Queen Margaret Guild, which was rather a survivor of the higher education days than a factor of the new student life which had grown up in the College. This idea took concrete form in the Students' Union, which was begun on March 28th, 1890. The Union was formed for the promotion of social intercourse, to keep former students in touch with their successors and with the College, and generally to promote the interests of the College. By 1890, the work of raising the endowment fund had been entered upon, and we felt that the Union could not do better than try to raise at least £100 of the large sum needed. By May, 1891, we were able to hand to Mrs. Campbell £113 as a small contribution. During that and the succeeding year, the Union was able to assist materially in the work of the great bazaar by which the dowry of Queen Margaret College was provided.

It has been impossible in this article to do more than glance briefly at the life of the College during these intermediate years, but, as all interested in the subject know, these years were important in the history of the University education of women, though perhaps none of us realised

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how important. We had, it is true, no longer, like the pioneers of the movement, to plead for every class, to be importunate for every concession, nor had we the more certain glory of a degree to stimulate our energies and strain our working powers. Ours, if an easier task, in some respects, than those of our forerunners or successors, was in others more difficult. We had to prove to a critical public, sometimes to more critical parents, and, above all, to a critical, a powerful, and a mysterious Senate, that without the stimulus of opposition, without a degree, we existed in sufficient numbers and were imbued with sufficient earnestness to encourage those who had it in their power to extend our privileges. We had to prove that College life did not rank amongst fashionable crazes, or as a remedy for *ennui*, but that even then, in its restricted sense, it was a real preparation for the wider life lying beyond the College walls.

Viewing these years, then, in this light, it is surely not too much to say that the students of them kept alive the fire which other hands had kindled. Amongst those who lit that fire, tended it, and who watch by it still, none have greater claims upon the devotion, the gratitude of the students in all ages past and to come, than those two women who have given to us and the cause which for so long has lain so close to their hearts, their best years—Mrs. Campbell and Miss Galloway.

Annie M'Millan

Some Recent Notes and Recollections of Queen Margaret College Life.

My experience of Queen Margaret College goes back to a dim far-off prospectus which was studied by parents of the day with doubtful shakes of the head, as a distant possibility for promising school-girls. It carries me through pleasant recollections of the period described in the preceding article, but becomes first distinctly interesting at the time of the great bazaar of 1892. That event bulked largely in the minds of my contemporaries and myself, first for its own sake, of course, and for all the fun attendant on its celebration, but also because we knew its proceeds were to swell the dowry of our little College, newly incorporated with the University. The most immediate results of this event which interested me were, I remember, the increase in the matriculation fee in that celebrated year, and the increased inquisitiveness of the matriculation album, which, no longer content with one's own age and intentions, desired particulars concerning one's antecedents which seemed quite beside the point.

Very soon, however, the importance of the change began to be felt. Up till this time the students of the medical school which had been opened in 1890 at Queen Margaret were the heroines of the College. To the ordinary dilettante students these few who were

working towards the glory of a profession, who possessed mysteries,—and the key of the door in the basement, closed to the profane crowd,—constituted the honour and romance of the College. It is curious now to look back upon the halo which surrounded that small minority among us, beginners as they were; and in these days of inevitable cleavage between the full-grown Faculties of Medicine and Arts, it is pleasant to recall the days when the best speakers in the Debating Society were medicals, and the ablest among the ordinary students gravitated into medicine.

The medical heroines, however, found rivals very soon in the first two or three students who undertook to study for graduation in Arts. These intrepid persons began the work for the degree of M.A., at the first axiom of Euclid, and the declension of *mensa*. The hill is steep which leads to the completed Preliminary Examination from this beginning, and to climb it in six months from the base is a considerable feat. It was successfully attempted by the first generation, the examiners having doubtless been caught napping, but the second generation assaying the same thing found it had become impossible. The authorities seemed in the interim to have awakened to the fact that such achievements were neither for the honour of the University, nor the good of the student.

As a consequence of the extremely backward state of our education in those days, the preparatory classes in classics and mathematics were even more important than the degree classes. They were all alike absurdly small compared with the numbers to-day, and their informality was as striking as their proportions. When I passed through 'Middle Latin,' I was one of seven, who sat round a table in the old Studio, surrounded by models of classical statuary. We knew each other familiarly, and during the interval before the hour struck, we made more noise, one lecturer complained, than two

hundred men in the Humanity class-room at 'the Hill.' "You have such shrill voices!" he observed in making his private moan to one of us, "you make grammatical errors that would be whipped out of a boy before he was twelve, and yet you have more feeling for prose than men far ahead of you." One learned gentleman with a slight lack of humour was so anxious in those days to introduce the law and order of the University into the Studio, that he went so far as to name the three sides of the table we occupied Benches A, B and C. Now Bench C gave accommodation to one chair, occupied by one lady. She, however, answered for her whole bench with the greatest promptitude when called upon, looking across at the lecturer through her eye-glasses with a wonderful command of her countenance. It was no very uncommon thing in my day to interrupt a lecturer in mathematics when his progressions had arrived half-way down the second blackboard, and tell him we had lost the thread of his discourse somewhere near the bottom of the first, and would he please make his figures and his reasoning clearer. On one occasion I recollect a junior class had somehow got a lesson behind the corresponding class at the University, (I think the Professor had been at a funeral one day,) anyway when the first 'Meal Monday' was intimated, we on our side announced that we had no desire for any such holiday that year, and should feel obliged by the lecturer coming as usual on Monday, to make up for lost time. He smiled, and did as we desired.

The truth is we were all eager over our work, and very anxious to prove ourselves worthy of our new position. We looked for the cordial co-operation of the authorities in all our concerns, and spoke our minds to dignities with a simplicity somewhat novel in their teaching experience. It is wonderful to me now to look back and see what

trouble our teachers took with us—how they gave us their time and advice and patient individual help in our first struggles to get abreast of our work. Truly it was worth while to be a Queen Margaret student in those days!

As will be understood, our first admission to the classes at Gilmorehill was a great event. I remember with what courteous precaution we were slipped in by the side door of the Humanity class-room to an unoccupied bench in the window, the first time we attended the Honours class, and how for an entire session the Queen Margaret bench in another class was never named in the roll-call, lest we should object to answer to our names. How the Professor distributed the 'absents' we never knew, for though he could be seen counting us daily, he did not know one from another at the close of the session. Once admitted to the large classes we soon settled down. We lost our first shyness on finding with what invariable courtesy we were treated, and we readily admitted the benefit of the arrangement. For, while it must be recognised that languages and mathematics gain from being taught to small groups, wider competition and the enthusiasm of numbers more than compensate in lecture-classes for the want of individual attention. The Honours classes, as now conducted, combine the excellences of both methods, and are the cream of one's college life.

The gradual blending of interests between Queen Margaret and the University began after a time to affect the inner life of the smaller College; not, however, be it understood, without opposition and collisions in the community, in which two distinct parties gradually emerged. We were all, Medical and Arts alike, very much alive to our own importance as students of a transition time, with the future institutions of Queen Margaret very largely in our hands. Some of us desired to see University life in Glasgow modelled as closely as possible upon that of the other Scottish Universities, where a separate department

for women had never existed, and where the women students rather lacked a centre of intercourse. This might be called the party of progress, and its aim was always to join interests, as far as possible, with the larger community of the University students. The other was in comparison a conservative party, seeking to maintain the separate little institutions of Queen Margaret, from a feeling that much good came from the close fellowship of a small college; that ways which suit men do not necessarily suit women students, and that the women would lose more than they could gain, by being swamped in the great numbers of the University.

The first and severest struggle I remember, was caused by the occurrence of the first Rectorial election after 1892. This event introduced us suddenly to the novel region of political questions, or at any rate political strife, and filled us with a new sense of importance. When the day came it was celebrated by the men in the time-honoured fashion, and some of us went so far as to be seen publicly driving about, while a few showed faint traces of peasemeal. This conduct roused the more conservative among us to wrath, and there were heart-burnings and much talk at Queen Margaret. Eventually one College Society forgot its wisdom so far as to propose and pass a vote of censure upon the late proceedings, and I, being unfortunately the chairwoman of the hour, incompetent, and with strong private leanings, allowed the thing to pass,—and the heather was on fire!

It took some time for the customary repose to settle down upon Queen Margaret, and when it did, two unexpected results followed. One was the formation of political clubs among us, affiliated to those at the University, which conducted subsequent elections successfully, while imposing no restrictions upon the behaviour of the students, who, I understand, are now free, as far as College opinion is concerned, to drive in open vehicles, attend poli-

tical committee meetings, and show themselves in a mealy condition with impunity, and undoubted enjoyment. The other result was the first formation of a Students' Representative Council at Queen Margaret. We had for many years possessed successful societies of various kinds, such as the Medical Club, which was and is among the most profitable of the College institutions, the Debating Society, and the Students' Union. We were thus not altogether without experience of a rudimentary kind of the formation and working of College societies. Following, to some extent, the pattern of the recently formed S.R.C. at the University, we evolved a constitution which served its purpose for a year or two, during which we held elections and meetings, without anything great resulting, so far as I can remember. Then arose another crisis. The men held out the hand of fellowship to our College, offering us representation on their Council, on terms which, however, did not quite commend themselves to some of us. I do not now recollect the exact reason for the opposition which arose, but I know I opposed the new departure, and I know I had some cogent reason at the time. We always had reasons for our differences of opinion in these days, and, as those interested in the Debating Society ruefully remarked, clear and pointed speaking, which could not be had at a meeting for set debate, was always called forth in abundance at the mass meetings summoned from time to time to ventilate new ideas. The question of the shape our Council should take was eventually decided from without, several new gifts of speech having emerged among us in the intervening discussions. The University Court, it appeared, had no power to acknowledge a council of our appointing unless it were merged in the officially recognised S.R.C. of the men students. This result was achieved, and has proved, I believe, quite satisfactory.

Although we were conscious at first of a certain old-fashioned shyness in joining the classes at Gilmorehill, and

taking our places at large examinations, we so far got over this infirmity that we became at length more or less at home even in the committee rooms of the Students' Union, where women are now represented in most of the societies patronised by the Faculty of Arts. They even read papers from time to time in societies like the Alexandrian, the Philosophical, and the Fabian, and occasionally have been heard to raise a treble voice in the after-discussions. They contribute to the Magazine, which enjoys a large sale among them, and all Faculties are well represented at the Medical balls, which have become such a feature of the college year.

Above all, the students have become accustomed and the public has become expectant to see, three times a year, a sprinkling of girlish faces and figures among the graduands and prize-winners at the capping ceremonies. And does not one's 'capping' seem after all one of the big events of life, at the time? It means so much work past, and so many possibilities to come. It is a big event, and not a little fearsome. I remember well the quaking which I covered with a bold face, as we stood in lines round the empty Examination Hall waiting our turn to sign the Album. The girls were scattered far apart, no one whom I knew came near me in the alphabet, my hood was awkwardly hung, and I very forlorn. What a relief it was to see an old classmate come in late and take the place next me, and how deftly he adjusted my hood as we trooped through the Randolph Hall. The large majority of the women graduands of these days look forward like the men to some practical outcome of their University preparation, either in the practice of medicine, or in the various branches of the teaching profession, and to these the winning of a good degree must be a solid satisfaction, and their graduation day one of well-earned gratification.

While the University has come to absorb in its wider

and more stimulating institutions much of the interest which formerly centred in Queen Margaret, it must not be imagined that the influence of the smaller College as a centre of life among the women has been wiped out. This is far from being the case. The flourishing Medical School which is located at the College would in itself be enough to make the place a focus of vigorous and influential student life. And while many of the Arts classes and a few in Science are now held at the University, the majority still meet at Queen Margaret, and every student passes at least half her college life there. The place is like a beehive, to one coming back after absence, with the students pouring out and in at class hours, and hatless medicals hurrying through the garden, to and from the medical building. The library and drawing-room are sure to be full, and the great 'drawing-room' upstairs, available for student meetings, is on almost no afternoon untenanted. Here it is that the Debating Society meets, whose members have of late years established a link with Edinburgh University in the annual Inter-University Debates. The Edinburgh students receive us at the Masson Hall, and we in our turn receive them at Queen Margaret College. We begin to feel like old friends now, and count those occasions red-letter days. Somehow the general level of speaking seems to rise with the occasion, all the members to a woman seem to turn out, and indeed we find we have learned a great deal besides hospitality from the Edinburgh women.

In this same great room have been held, too, from of old, 'Miss Galloway's Evenings.' What the institution of these monthly receptions has done for the College unity one can hardly estimate, for present and past students are alike welcome, year after year. New students make friends, old students come to see those whom they might never meet otherwise; and all are on the same footing of guests and friends of Miss Galloway, which bond

of union is understood to dispense with all conventions regarding formal introductions.

Besides all this, however, there have grown up in recent years two institutions connected directly with Queen Margaret, and bearing the same name, which have become important rallying-points, the one for present, the other rather for past students. These are Queen Margaret Hall, and Queen Margaret College Settlement, both of which were set on foot through the medium of the Students' Union, that 'Royal and Ancient' among Queen Margaret Societies.

I recollect well the hot and crowded meeting in the summer of 1894, when the establishment of Queen Margaret Hall was first resolved upon. I did not stay long at that meeting, I remember, for it was that afternoon I discovered a bed of wild hyacinths on the Kelvin bank, under the rookery beeches, where you could sit at ease upon a low branch and forget that anything so serious as company promotion was in the air. The Company (Limited) was, however, duly and dutifully formed within doors, also the necessary committees, and the fine old house of Lilybank was secured, and turned into a hall of residence for Queen Margaret students. Since then it has proved itself a practically indispensable adjunct to a non-resident College like ours, and at the present date is full to overflowing, with accommodation for thirty-two residents. It has been considerably added to since it started, and is now able to pay its way, which is a source of satisfaction to all concerned.

The latest effort of Queen Margaret activity, the College Settlement Association, which was formed in 1897, promises to students with leisure a fine field for learning right methods of charity, and doing really helpful social work. The first members began humbly, by placing themselves at the service of the Charity Organisation Society, to learn its principles and assist its aims, the district selected being

in Anderston. Since then, besides doing the ordinary office business of the Anderston Branch of the C.O.S., our Association has set members to work in various ways. A few carry on the Collecting Savings Bank in the crowded side streets and courts of Anderston, calling weekly on the depositors, hearing and seeing much of their life, and learning many a thing besides the collecting of pence. Others are teaching invalid children, who are unfit for school attendance, nominated to them by the School Board, and shut up in their cheerless homes; while a few organise playground games on Saturdays, for the unhappy bairns who have not, with all their precocious experience of life, learned how to play together. The modesty of this beginning has been rewarded by the acquisition, last year, of premises suitable for a resident settlement, offered by Mrs. Lander and Miss Allan, on condition that the work already being carried on by them should be continued by the Association. The venture is thus fairly set agoing, with an old Queen Margaret student, trained in a London Settlement, to act as Warden. It is hoped that besides the present active members a staff of resident workers will soon be established at the Settlement, which may make it an increasing influence for good in the district, and a valuable training-school for those of us whom a sincere desire to help has drawn to the study of the complex social problem of the day.

Helen M. Nimmo

Roundel of the Lean Man in Winter.

WERE I but fat I should not freeze.
This sooty snow might do its worst,
The North might bellow till he burst,
If only I were more obese.

I should not drivel lines like these,
Of poets I should be the first,
Were I but fat!

Wives I should have, and properties,
And morals: all would be reversed:
I should be blest who now, accursed,
Howl to the heavens in agonies,
'Were I but fat!'

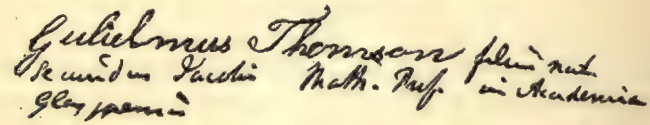
A. C. Bradley

Lord Kelvin: his Student Days in Glasgow.

LORD KELVIN'S long and intimate connection with Glasgow University will ever remain one of her proudest boasts. He has shed great light on Glasgow and his country, and physicists all over the world have turned for inspiration to the rooms in our University, where the first physical laboratory in our country sprang into being, and where, during the fifty-three years of his professorship, surrounded by enthusiastic workers, he laboured with such marvellous success in advancing the bounds of almost every department of physical science. Of his career after his return in 1846 to his Alma Mater as Professor much has been written. It is my purpose to attempt to throw some light on the early student days in Glasgow, of her most distinguished son; the influence of which he has always so fully and gratefully acknowledged.

On his appointment to the Presidency of the Royal Society in 1891, his students presented Lord Kelvin with an address of congratulation. Many will remember these words in his reply—"I have been a student of the University of Glasgow fifty-four years to-day, and I hope to continue a student of the University so long as I live." His wish was no idle one. When the burden of advancing years made it necessary for him in 1899 to ask permission

to retire from his chair, he requested the Senate to permit his enrolment as a Research Student. Hence it comes that in the Matriculation Album for the year 1899 we find this entry—*Kelvin, age* 75; and in the column devoted to years of attendance in the University, from 1834-5 *to* 1840-1 *as student; from* 1846-99 *as Professor*—a record unique in the annals of any university. This is Lord Kelvin's last matriculation. For his first, we turn to the Album for the session 1834-5, where we find the following entry—


Gulielmus Thomson filius nat.
secundus Jacobi Math. Prof. in Academia
Glasguensi

the signature in his own handwriting, and the remaining words in that of Professor William Ramsay, in whose Class of Humanity, William, and his elder brother, James, were enrolling.

Lord Kelvin was born in Belfast, in June, 1824. His father was at that time Professor of Mathematics in the Royal Academical Institution there; and, formerly a student of our University, he returned to it as Professor of Mathematics in 1832. An accomplished mathematician, he was perhaps best known in Scotland as a successful teacher, and we read that those who were his pupils spoke with delight of his voluntary catechetical hours, in which *vivâ voce* questions were proposed and rapidly passed from bench to bench, in a class of ready and enthusiastic students. Mathematicians and Natural Philosophers, teachers and students alike, may view the custom with mixed feelings; and some, possibly, will remember the occasion on which Lord Kelvin, in his customary daily oral examination, finding difficulty in obtaining quick response to his enquiries, wrote the word *aphasia* on the board, gave its derivation, and described it as a virulent

disease common to the students of Natural Philosophy; he might have added, and not unknown in other classes.

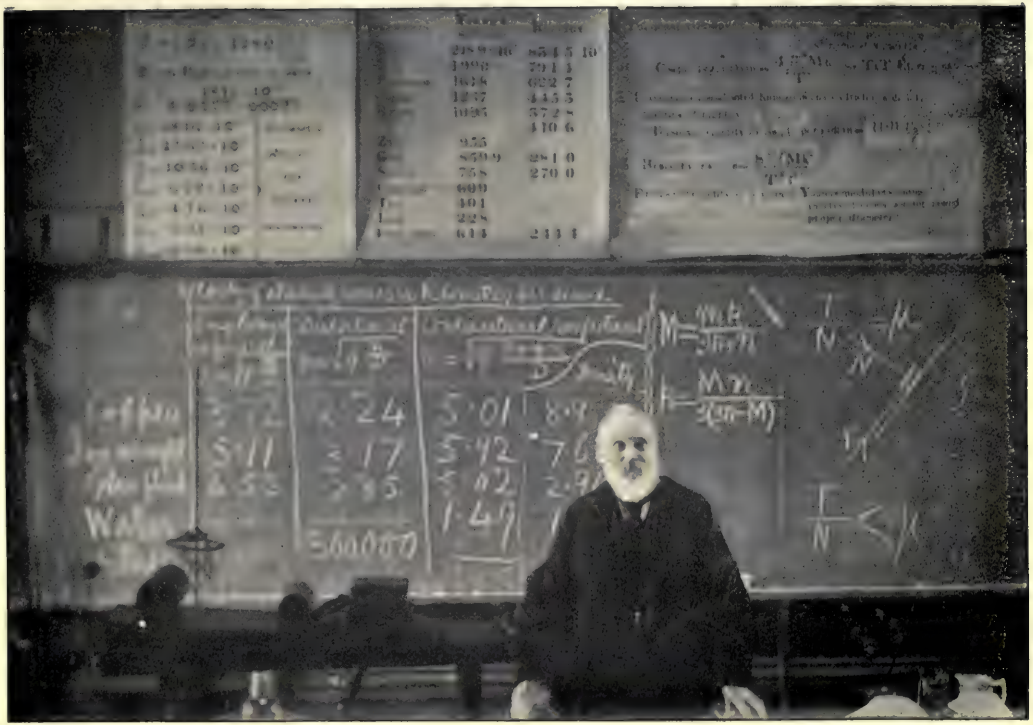
We have seen that its future professor entered the University at the extraordinary age of ten years and a half: his brother James being two years older. It is somewhat difficult to picture the classes of the time. It is equally surprising to find that at the end of his first winter's work he carries off two prizes in the Humanity Class; this before he was eleven. In the next session we follow him to the Classes of Natural History and Greek —we wonder what the present occupants of these Chairs would say to a stripling under twelve who presented himself at their lectures—and his name figures in both prize-lists. Sympathy is not lacking for the hard-worked schoolboy of to-day; but what would the child of twelve think of the holiday task of translating Lucian's Dialogues of the Gods, with full parsing of the first three dialogues! This is the piece of work for which William Thomson, Glasgow College, receives a prize in May, 1836. Next session we find the two brothers together in the Junior Mathematical Class, of the Junior Division of which they are first and second prizemen. They appear again at the head of the list for the Monthly Voluntary Examinations on the work of the class and its applications. Proceeding to the Senior Mathematical Class in 1837-8, they again stand at the top, nor have they failed to present themselves for the Voluntary Examinations. William is not satisfied with this class, but in addition receives the second prize in the Junior Division of Professor Robert Buchanan's Logic Class, having as a near rival John Caird, Greenock—the name of our late revered Principal now appearing in the lists.

In Session 1838-9 there is evidence of his presence in the Class of Astronomy under Professor Nichol, the father of one of our distinguished Professors of English Literature; but we would like to have further information

regarding his apparent neglect to give "the solutions of various problems and demonstrations proposed on May 1st, 1838, to the Mathematical Class of that year." Probably the summer vacations were spent in travel abroad. Records of such journeys remain; and we find that during one, of a fortnight's duration, with Fourier's great work for a companion, he so mastered the contents of that epoch-making treatise (that great mathematical poem, as in after years he called it) that his first published paper—dated Frankfort, 1840—was a complete defence of Fourier against a charge of error, made by no less an authority than Professor Kelland, of Edinburgh. We have only two further sessions to chronicle, bringing their number up to seven. In 1839-40 he obtains a University prize for the best essay on the Figure of the Earth; and with his brother James, heads the Natural Philosophy Class list, among the other prize-winners being James and John Napier, of the famous Clyde shipbuilding firm. To the friends of classical education it may be some comfort to know that he ended his Glasgow course, as he began it, in the Humanity Class room, and in 1840-1 gained a prize in the Senior Humanity Class.

In the days of his later fame there were many who looked back with pleasure to their recollections of this lad of eleven or twelve years of age, who could scarcely make himself seen among his older class-fellows. They had not forgotten his ready answers, nor the reputation which he had even then gained for originality and high mathematical ability; and, when after seven years' study here, he proceeded to Cambridge, he was already marked out as one to whom Science would yet owe much.

Those old class lists of his time are deeply interesting. Scattered up and down among them are the well-known names of to-day. We have seen that the late Principal Caird was in more than one class his rival, and, we feel sure, his friend. In his circle there must also have been Joseph D. Hooker (afterwards Sir Joseph), the eminent botanist



LORD KELVIN IN HIS CLASS ROOM

who at the age of eighty-four is still keenly interested in the University in which his father was Professor of Botany. The Professor of Greek was Sir Daniel K. Sandford. His son Francis, afterwards Lord Sandford, whose medallion now adorns the Grand Staircase, was Kelvin's close friend. William Y. Sellar had just come from his Sutherlandshire home, and entered upon his brilliant career as a Classical scholar. John C. Shairp, Houston, Linlithgowshire, is the well-known Principal Shairp of St. Andrews. Robert Rainy, George C. K. Douglas—two Principals of the Free Church College—James Hutchison Stirling, A. K. H. Boyd, Lord Shand, and James A. Campbell were students in the same decade; while, when Lord Kelvin proceeded to St. Peter's College, Cambridge, in 1841, at the age of seventeen, his brother James remained in Glasgow as a student of engineering, to return afterwards to his Alma Mater as successor to Professor Rankine.

H. S. Carslaw

At the End of a Session.

"YE'VE got back again," said John Gentleman, casually, as he met Charlie at the station at the end of the session.

But the casual air did not altogether deceive Charlie. At Northfoot the people are seldom demonstrative, and never ceremonious. His return ought to have had the outward seeming of an everyday occurrence, and here was John waiting him at the station. He had expected to have peered over the hedge and found him at work in the garden.

"Were you expecting anybody?" he asked, looking around him.

"None but yourself," said John, adding, by way of explanation, "I had the carriage on some plants to pay, and your train was about due, so I just waited to get you down the road."

"Well, folk'll think you've come to meet me."

"Shouldn't wonder," said John, as if it had occurred to him for the first time.

They went on talking of many things. Old Brown shouted out a greeting to Charlie as he overtook them, and passed on, cracking his whip thoughtfully.

"It was hardly like him not to offer us a lift," said Charlie.

"Maybe he'll not be going straight home."

"And he was hardly as hearty-like as I have seen him."

"It's been a mild Spring, and there's nothing for him to grumble at," ventured John.

"Faith, that must weigh heavy on his mind," said Charlie.

It was the gardener at Toralvan whom they met next.

"And how is your father the day, John?" he asked.

"Brawly," answered John, shortly.

"So father's down again," said Charlie, as they passed on.

"Yes," said John, with a tell-tale look of relief. "He's been far through this last fortnight."

"Why did you not send me word?"

"It would not do for you to be thinking about that at your exams."

"And you came to-day to tell me?"

"Yes."

"Is it so bad as that, then?" asked Charlie, gravely.

"I doubt he'll not last many weeks."

"The poor mother—she'll be in a sad way."

They walked on very soberly, Charlie touched to the heart by John's difficulty in unburdening himself of heavy news.

"Old Brown's a sight more thoughtful than we were giving him credit for," he said at length, with a rueful smile.

"Ay, he's a decent man," said John.

The end of Charles Gentleman's thriftless life was near. Even then his old pagan cheer had not deserted him. So far as one might judge, the past had no remorse and the future no terrors for him. He lay in bed with a wan smile upon his lips. He had wearied for Charlie's home-coming.

"I was dootin' I would miss ye, Charlie," he said.

Charlie did not say a word, but his hand, as if by accident, touched his father's and remained there. There is in that one sense the deep root of all language and emotion.

"Ye'll sit by me to-night, and your mother'll rest. Aye, laddie, it's an unco thing to lie waukin a' the night hours. Ye'll hae to crack to your father to keep him frae wearyin'—and it seems but yestreen that you were riding cock-horse on my knee."

Charlie made a very tender and deft nurse. The close intimacy of service and helplessness drew him nearer to his father than ever before. He had never felt the relationship so poignantly. A lamp burned dimly in a corner of the little low-roofed room, and Charlie sat silently with aching heart beside the troubled sleeper. The lustreless April dawn had not yet chilled the lamplight when Charles Gentlemen stirred himself with a painful sigh, and the watcher knew by his breathing that he was awake.

"Charlie!" he said, suddenly, like one taking up an interrupted conversation.

"Yes, father," said Charlie leaning on his pillow.

"This is like to be our last crack."

"No fears!" Charlie tried to say briskly. "You'll come and see me capped at College yet."

"Aye, lad, ye'll be a gey chronic, as they say, if ye wait till I can come," said his father in his old way. "But it's well that I should say what it's in my mind to say."

Charlie could feel the bed move with his breathing and he laid his hand half-timidly upon his father's. It turned beneath his touch, and seemed to feel his own all over.

"Aye," he said, "Charlie, ye've a genty hand."

"It'll be as hard as John's, come autumn," protested Charlie.

"I dinna doot it, lad; but it wasna for that ye've been fechtin' wi' Greek and Latin. And John's no' the one to keep you back, though he's a fell clever chiel himself too."

"John has more brains than I, father," Charlie exclaimed with generous enthusiasm. "It's often in my mind that he should be at the College and I in the fields. Look at the way he reads at night after a hard day's work. I can't explain it all to you, but I go running about with fancies in my head, while he drives straight on. For all my grand chances, I expect he'll come out ahead of me in the end."

"Ye never kenned your uncle Richard," said his father meditatively, and Charlie was surprised to hear a name so seldom on his lips. He knew the gossip of the place, that a love affair had parted the brothers and that Richard had not been heard of for many years. "He was just such another as John. It's a queer thing, lad, but I've always had the same thocht about him that you have about John. Duneil would ha' been a different place had he been here—he was a terrible hand at working. I doot, Charlie, that ye're too like your father, but ye hae the makings o' a better man. I was aye a knotless thread, but never wanton bad."

"Oh father, father," said Charlie, struggling with a sob, "you've been a kind father to us, and it's sore we'll miss you."

"It's a gay world and ill to leave," said his father. "And the mother—you'll aye hae mind o' her. She's sair set on you, Charlie."

"Father!" said Charlie, half-reproachfully.

"Aye, lad, I ken your heart's right; but you have far roads to travel."

"I will mind her to the last, father," said Charlie in a tumult of grief and pity and high resolve.

"It's a queer thing she should have taken me an' no' Richard," continued his father. "And, though she hides it, she's more set on you than on John. Whiles I doot I'm more set on John. He is Richard all over again. It's a contradictory world; you and me are not the kind for

women to lose their hearts to, and yet they'll no' be hindered. Charlie, ye'll try to make up to your mother for all that I might ha' been. She's been a good wife to me, and oh, lad, there never was a better mother."

The tears brimmed in Charlie's eyes, and splashed upon his hand. His father was revealed to him as never before, in a light that fell upon himself also. He sat there awed beside the gates of death, and he knew the spirit within him for his father's. Heredity, that had hitherto floated vaguely in his mind, with other theories, was forced upon him with all the vividness of a sensation. What had he to be proud of in himself, prizes, and ambitions, and all the college dreams? They were not his alone: he felt them rooted in the old past, springing out of his kinship with the dying man. A sense of helplessness and dread overwhelmed him, and the thought of parting was intolerable.

Then Charlie did what he had never done since he was a tiny child. He leaned over his father timidly as a woman, and kissed him on the cheek.

"Father," he said, "it will be the work of my life to be worthy of her and John. God help me," he added, falteringly.

His father's hand fell upon his curly head and fondled it for a moment.

"Ye're a braw lad, Charlie," he said, and his hand sank languidly back.

There was silence in the little room, and so wrapped was Charlie that he hardly heard the crowing of a cock. His father seemed exhausted with the effort of talking, and he was reproaching himself for having allowed it.

"The light's long, long o' comin'," said the sick man at length.

"It is dawn," said Charlie, drawing the curtain. "See, I'll put out the lamp."

"It must be a dull day, then, for I can hardly see."

Charlie's heart sank, for the April light was streaming in by the window. The sick man lay very still, and Charlie sat beside him, inarticulate with emotion, and weighted with the destinies that seemed to crowd the little room. The eldorado of his dreams faded, the dazzlement of his ambitions passed away, and every emotion he had known seemed to centre solely about the familiar things of home.

Presently the sick man spoke again, and Charlie started forward to attend him. With a pang he realised that the poor mind had no longer any knowledge of him, but was working painfully in the past.

"I tell you, Dick," he was muttering, "I had ne'er a thocht ye were so set on her. But it's too late now—she's made her choice."

He paused, and seemed to listen intently.

"There's been no' mony brothers like us, Dick," he continued, "an' this canna be the end o't. Na, na, ye maun bide, an' I'll gang to the abroad. She'll tak' another thocht, an' ye'll be a better man than ever I'll mak'.'

Charlie moved, and he started with open eyes.

"Eh, lad, is it you? I've been dreaming, I doot, an' the day's long o' comin'."

Charlie eased his pillows and moistened his forehead.

"The peesweeps are buildin' up in the Moss a'readies." He was wanderin still further back. "We maun gang up the morn, Dick. An' the auld pyet's sittin' on eggs in the chestnut again. I canna win up to that branch —I canna win up—I canna win up. Richard! Richard! where are ye?"

The April sun was shining brightly, and an old crow in the garden was croaking stridently. Charlie went to wake his mother.

A week later Charles Gentleman was buried in the shadow of the old ruined Northfoot Church in whose

ivied walls he had so often clambered as a boy among the screaming starlings. Jean Waddell was seen hovering, like a bird of ill omen, on the outskirts of the funeral. On her way home she stopped to rest at Nan Geddes' little shop. That good body had her apron to her eyes, for Charles Gentleman had done her many a kindly turn.

"Ye hae little to mak' a moligrunt o'," snapped Jean. "Gin a' had their deserts he wadna hae deid sae snug in bed. His forbears werena sae weel served."

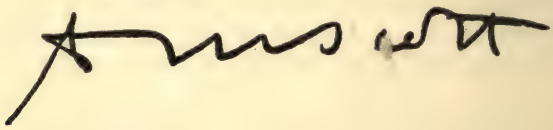
"He was a free man in his ways," said Nan, "but his heart was in the right place. Lord keep ony o' us frae getting *oor* deserts."

"He's gettin' his noo," said Jean, grimly.

Charlie passed with the mourners.

"That's a lad will lift the fortunes o' the Gentlemans," said Nan. "Eh, but he's weel fared, an' weel set off."

"His tether is longer," said Jean.



Reminiscent.

Ad
W. O. C.; R. S. B.; R. S. C.;
W. A. C.; C. H. B.; D. M. M.;
J. P. B.; et ceteros aequales
ingenio ac labore
ignotos.

In the days that are dreamful and distant,
  Ere Queen Margaret had stormed Gilmorehill,
When the Union was yet non-existent,
  And the mild academical mill
Took the Celt from his ultimate heather,
  The Southron from counter and hod,
And ground them through "mensa" together,
    I entered the Quad.

Yes, those were the days when Tirones
  Had a Grecian to guide them in grammar;
When such howlers as "homines bones"
  Caused anguished Assistants to hammer
The innocent desk; when the student,
  Long famished at noontide, would stuff
Buns bought in the cave of the prudent
    Pecunious Clough.

Ὦ πόποι καὶ ἐ ἐυ φυγάσες—
  I am glad I remember some Greek—
I'm no longer at 8 o'clock classes,
  No longer repentant and meek

Bear the ire of insistent Professors
  (Jack never got angry, or Caird)
Rather prone to regard as transgressors
        The Great Unprepared.

Where are Nichol and Veitch? Where is Lauchie?
  Where the heroes of Blackstone and Snell?
Where the leaders of torchlights down Sauchie,
  With rotund Rectorial yell?
Some are parsons, and some wield the knife and
  Some Thinkers—at least so they think—
Some have taken the Prizes of Life and
        Some others to drink.

At this point one should grow deliquescent
  In tears for the days that are gone,
For one's May-moon reduced to a crescent,
  For the years that are hastening on;
But despite the attempt to be tearful,
  'Gainst the ravin of Time to exclaim,
I am quite unbecomingly cheerful—
        I hope you're the same.

For the College is not what it was when
  The eighties were still in their prime,
The student of Arts, Med., or Laws then
  Arrived at a fortunate time;
Since Pope Nicholas founded the College,
  'Tis notorious, clear, and confessed,
As a matter of general knowledge,
        Those years were the Best.

Robert. K. Rick.

LACHLAN MACPHERSON, JANITOR, 1853—1899

Some Books on Scottish Sport.

THE sport of Scotland has acquired so distinct a character and its literature is already so enriched with classics, that it is hard to realise how modern is its creation. Sport, to be sure, there always was, and there was never a lack of sportsmen, but the conditions, as we know them, are a thing of yesterday. The sportsman of last century did not stray far from his own lands. He killed his own deer and grouse for his own kitchen, and in the Highlands, where kitchens were conceived on a generous scale, there was often a very pretty destruction. When a lord of Lovat or Atholl had to feed the better part of his clan, there must have been deer-drives of colossal proportions, and salmon fishing by other than legitimate means. The poacher followed the example of the laird, and, with a few painful exceptions, in that generous, careless, old-world Scotland there was none to make him afraid. Had a Highland or Lowland laird of the time been told that some day the barren hills of his domain would be jealously divided and preserved, and that men would come from far-off and pay willingly for the privilege of killing the wild things of moor and river, he would have foretold the speedy dissolution of society. The advent of a Franck, penetrating to the extremes of Sutherland after salmon, must have astonished a people who were busy with the grave quarrels of Church and State. And when the fashion changed, and men began to look upon the hills as something more than

the refuge of Jacobitism and the playground of storms, it was long before the present custom in rents arose. According to Lord Malmesbury the "Highlands became the rage in 1833"; but it was a mild and inexpensive rage, for his lordship was offered the shootings and fishings of the whole of Harris for £25. A famous moor on the Faskally estate was let for £8, and the sportsman from the south, who must now travel with an establishment, was content to rough it in cheerless inns and leaky Highland sheilings. Sport was still confined to the enthusiast, not, as now, a fashion which everyone may follow in comfort. But, hardship or no, it was the real thing, and we may wait long before we see a rival in hillcraft, and pluck and skill, to those great forerunners, who had the good fortune to inaugurate a fashion.

The literature of the thing is also a growth of yesterday. Sir Walter Scott once intended to write a history of Scottish out-door sports, but the work would have borne no relation to our modern classics. He would have told of golf and shinty and curling, of coursing and deer-driving and fowling; but it would have read strangely to a modern, for there would have been little about grouse and salmon, as he understands them, and no rich antiquarian lore would have made up for the inevitable absence of the naturalist's skill. Our later sport, if it has lost in wildness and enterprise, has been compensated by the keen observation of bird and beast which is part of the modern fashion. For Scottish sport, in its strict sense, has been both narrowed and widened since the days of our great-grandfathers. The old coursing meets and the hilarious evenings which followed are now all but a thing of the past, and the hare, "that beast of venerie," suffers as a rule a less sensational end. Fox-hunting and racing, vigorously as they are still pursued, are scarcely a branch of national sport. Deer-driving, again, which Scrope and Colquhoun have described so vividly,

is uncommon, and salmon-spearing is no longer regarded as a legitimate kind of excitement. "No man has a right to a hunter's badge," ran the Highland owercome, "who has not slain a red deer, an eagle, a salmon and a seal." But the eagle has, happily, ceased to be an object of ambition, and the seal is only incidentally a sporting animal. On the other hand, in the two proper provinces of shooting and fishing the horizon has been indefinitely enlarged. Grouse and deer in many places exist in quantities which would have perplexed our ancestors, and it only wants some proper regulation of net-fishing to make the same thing true of salmon. The capercailzie, which had become very rare, was restored in 1839 by Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton. At the beginning of the century the woodcock was as scarce as the ruff; now there are few days' bags in the late autumn and winter which do not include it.

It is in our own century, too, that there is the longest catalogue of famous sportsmen. In other times men were busied with cutting their neighbours' throats and undermining or buttressing the constitution; in more progressive days the country gentleman of active and adventurous temper turns to sport. Some day a competent man will arise to write the history of that great brotherhood in the first decades of the century, the men who loved the essentials of the thing and had no care for the trappings, who were the greatest madcaps of their day, and yet left to their generation a memory of honourable and kind-hearted gentlemen. The companions of the "Noctes" inaugurated the tradition of great days by hill and river, and rousing evenings by the fire; but their sport was circumscribed and of a peculiar literary flavour which was not maintained. The men who succeeded were more naturalists than *litterateurs*, save in the case of the Sobieski Stuarts, who were of every persuasion, and Scrope, who had a taste for classical mythology and the

conventions of pastoral. Charles St. John, Horatio Ross, and Colquhoun of Luss were perhaps the three greatest practical sportsmen that the North has ever seen, and two at least had the gift of book-making. In fishing there were Mr. Russell and Lord Lovat, whose record on the Beauly of one hundred and fifty-six fish in five successive days will, we suppose, long be unchallenged; on the turf and in the hunting-field we have the names of Lord Glasgow, Lord Eglinton, Lord John Scott, Mr. Sharpe of Hoddam, and "Ramsay of Barnton," a household word for long in the Lothians. The feats of driving and riding performed by certain members of the coterie still challenge incredulity; and in more sober paths there was Captain Barclay of Urie, the stongest man of his time and the greatest of walkers. Pedants still quibble on a definition of sport, and sentimentalists sigh over its horrors. For myself, on the general question I am of Dr. Gregory's opinion that "hares were created to be coursed, and when killed to be made into soup." It is harder to define than defend; but if knowledge, intelligence, intrepidity, a love of nature, and an honest desire to play the game be of the essence of the thing, then the men I have named had the quality to perfection.

A first-hand knowledge, a pure enthusiasm, and a record in some way exceptional are in turn the requisites of the chronicler of sport. It happens with this as with few other activities that the doer of great deeds can best tell about them. Of the classics of sport five out of six are the work of famous sportsmen. The author of *Riding Recollections* was not more renowned in his own line than our St. Johns and Colquhouns were in theirs. And some such reputation is necessary unless its absence is atoned for by pre-eminent literary gifts. There have been better anglers than Izaak Walton and more experienced hunting-men than Beckford; but we are

prepared to forget the lack of practical guidance in the incommunicable charm of such pioneering in literature. On the other hand, no subject falls so readily a prey to the dull amateur, and in no class of book is it so easy to lose caste. The shoals of dreary works which tell of the uninspired catching of mediocre fish or miserable adventures in trivial shooting-parties are enough to destroy a man's taste for both sport and letters. It is so easy to chatter pleasantly about the thing, with a patronising glance at the beauties of nature, the usual stereotyped big salmon or stag, a spirited account of lunch if the author be a greedy man, and a picturesque return in the sunset, with a great deal of colourman's language about hills and skies. Sport, which is something quite different from this picnicing, is profaned by the vulgarity. For myself, I would confine the literature to three divisions. First, let us have expert treatises to which a man may turn for advice; then let us have (and there will be no plethora in this class) the books on sport which are themselves fine literature, books, like Sir Edward Grey's *Fly-fishing*, which delight us only once or twice in a generation; and, finally, somewhere between the two, books written by men who have had exceptional experiences, who are genuine enthusiasts, with an eye for the real pleasures of the chase and not for spurious imitations. The garrulous Cockney is always with us; but let him confine his discourse to the catching of roach and the ferreting of rabbits. In Scottish sport we demand a little more dignity and adventure, due to the traditions of a country not yet a market-garden, where the last wolf was slain only in 1743 and its slayer died but a century ago.

St. John is still the greatest of our classics, and it will be long before his sovereignty is disputed. For he came at the right psychological moment, when the land was

still unspoiled, and at the same time the era of modern weapons was beginning. A man of birth and education, brought up, too, in the pleasant south country, he forswore his birthright and lived the better part of his life as sportsman and naturalist in the wilds of Morayshire. His books are a record of his own doings, told simply, yet with a realism and a power beyond fiction. He cared as much to observe the habits of bird and beast as to make a great bag, and his observation was fresh, for it was before the day of the naturalist in every hedge-row. Of a similar type, though with the addition of a great deal of rhetoric and Gaelic poetry, were the Sobieski Stuarts in the *Lays of the Deer Forests*. Their pursuit of the big stag of Toman-doun, in Glengarry Forest, is almost worthy to rank with St. John's Muckle Hart of Benmore; and who shall call Highland sport a pastoral and fireside thing who reads the narrative of their adventures on the flooded Findhorn! Later, and in a somewhat different class, comes the genial author of *The Moor and the Loch*, that book which, to many a boy, as to the present writer, has opened up a new world among the hills. Mr. Colquhoun is racy, gossipy, and occasionally inaccurate. He has not the strenuous and serious passion of St. John, but he gives in its place the hand of a cheery good-fellowship; and if now and then it is rather his own skill than the ways of his quarry that we are asked to consider, why, even the best of sportsmen are human. And he has given us many unforgettable pictures of moorland and loch, done with the lingering sentiment of an old lover who sees the beginnings of change. The Homeric narrative of a goat-stalk on Crap-na-Gower, by Lochlomondside, would have been tinged with sadness could he have foreseen the future of the Vale of Leven, and his beloved loch destined soon to be a suburban paradise. For variety of sport and catholic interest in every living thing that ever

walked, crept, flew, or swam in the Western Highlands, his book is unmatched—a repository from which the reader can choose rather than a skimmed and orderly treatise.

But there is one author, who represents an older fashion than St. John and Colquhoun, and yet is perhaps more often found in a Scottish library than his later rivals. Scrope's two famous books[1] stand as clearly by themselves in the literature of sport as their author would have stood among sportsmen. We can picture the gentleman as he appears to us in the illustrations, stalking the deer in lean white trousers, with an elegant cutaway coat flapping about his middle, and, as Mr. Shand says, "fishing Tweed in a curly-brimmed beaver, a flowing frock coat, and gracefully cut white pantaloons descending on highly polished, single-soled boots." Both the *Deer-stalking* and the *Salmon-fishing* are great books, full-blooded and virile, when the early-century toilet is forgotten and the pantaloons scramble gallantly in the corries of Ben-y-Gloe or on the banks of Makerstoun. The stilted humour and classical erudition are as amusing as may be, and the pastoral convention, which partly suggest the *Noctes* and partly a rakish Izaak Walton, casts into relief the rich vigour of the style when the author forgets what he has read. And the books, too, are the real thing, a record of long experience, each in its way still a canon of its sport. Not that Scrope has been without his critics. A certain John Younger, of St. Boswells, a shoemaker and a mighty angler, used to maintain that Scrope had never landed a salmon in his life —"far mair like a salmon would land him," as Mr. Russel said on a historic occasion. According to John Younger, Scrope borrowed all his hints from him, and then denied

[1] *The Art of Deer-stalking* and *Days and Nights of Salmon Fishing*, by William Scrope. New edition. Edited by Sir Herbert Maxwell, M.P. London: Edward Arnold.

their origin, and he used always to refer to him as "yon aristocratic salmon catcher, whae stole my flees and published them for his ain."

If St. John is the father of all who have the naturalist's eye in their sport, Scrope is the patron of them who love quotations and do not forget their classics. And so to-day we have the treatise for guidance and the book of sporting *causeries* for amusement. Not that the two classes are exclusive, for the latter is often full of suggestions even for the expert, and the former may expound yet without boredom. The "Badmintons" are too much a hotch-potch of different authors and styles to be books in the true sense, but such monographs as Lochiel's on the *Red Deer* and Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's on the *Salmon* are far from dryasdust learning. But it is the mixed bag in letters which is the most attractive, the book to which a man turns for company with a pipe over the smoking-room fire of a wet autumn day. There will always be readers for good gossip about sport, books which stand to the treatise as Sir Edward Grey's *Fly-fishing* stands to Mr. Halford's; for there are days in town when the mind is sick of politics or law, or whatever its proper work may be, and grows weary for the moor and the loch, and whatever can recall them for one blissful hour. Mr. Lang's *Angling Sketches*, a book so quaint in its purpose and perfect in its success, is impossible to classify, for there a subtle reproduction of old sentiments of scene, and weather, and a delicate wit are joined with too refined an art to fall under the name of gossip. A better instance is Mr. Bromley Davenport's *Sport*, though in its four splendid chapters it is rather in Norway and England than in Scotland that the author finds his hunting-ground.

A recent addition to this growing literature is confined to one small part of Scotland, and to one season of the

year. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy[1] has contrived in the autumns spent in a little corner of Argyllshire, to see nearly every variety of Scottish sport, and many things to which the ordinary sportsman's eyes are blind. Mr. Thorburn's admirable illustrations complete a book which is not only a valuable contribution to our literature of localities, but also a series of as pleasant studies of nature and the life of the wilds as it has been my fortune to read for many days. The author is fortunate in the place in which his lot was cast of an autumn, for Poltalloch, with its curiously indented, island-studded coast, its salmon river, its great woods and moorlands, is a paradise for the sportsman and the naturalist. "Poltalloch," I quote Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, "comprises upwards of 100,000 acres of moorland and plantations, interspersed with arable and pasture land in the straths and glens. It extends southward along the Sound of Jura to the mouth of Loch Sween in Cantyre, and is bounded on the west by Loch Crinan and Loch Craignish, extending northward and eastward along the shores of Loch Awe." There are red deer in the woods of Lochaweside, a great quantity of roe and fallow-deer, and every other species of game except ptarmigan and capercailzie. There will probably never be ptarmigan in the place, for there are no hills high enough for them, but with the present increase of capercailzie in Scotland there is no reason why that bird should not thrive on such excellent ground. Above all, the estate is fringed by that wonderful Western sea, "which at the rise and fall of the tide, rushes and eddies round innumerable rocks and islands, whirling and roaring like a mill-race, at the rate of eight or nine knots an hour,—a sea as clear as a Hampshire trout stream." It says much for the catholic temper of the book that all the various forms of sport which the place affords are described with equal

[1] *Autumns in Argyllshire with Rod and Gun*, by the Hon. A. E. Gathorne-Hardy. London: Longmans, Green & Co.

zest, save, perhaps, that salmon-fishing seems to be the author's especial favourite. "These reminiscences," he says, "are typical, not of extraordinary successes, but of fairly normal experiences; and, as they were generally written down while the facts were fresh in my memory, they may, I trust, be relied upon as accurate." But if the experiences are normal, they are quite good enough to make the ordinary man's mouth water. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy deals in no exaggeration, and confesses frequently to misses and failures. Yet here is one of the normal experiences. In five days in a dry season he caught thirty-five salmon, running from five to seventeen pounds. And here is a typical mixed day in October. Nine and a half couple of snipe, five ducks, two teal, one woodcock, one pheasant, three partridges, two rabbits, seventeen grouse, twelve blackcocks, and three golden plovers—total, sixty-five head and ten varieties.

The natural history of the place is as interesting as the sport. The wild cat has been killed on Poltalloch not so long ago, and the pine marten makes an occasional appearance. Otters, badgers, and foxes are numerous; the eagle-owl, and the sea-eagle have been found; and there is one instance of a visit of that rarest of birds, the Great Snowy Owl. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy himself has often seen the little grey phalarope, and a specimen was shot of one of the rarest of Scottish visitors, the brown or red-breasted snipe. Mr. Gathorne-Hardy lives in a sophisticated age, and has comparatively few of the chances of observing the wild life which fell to St. John and Colquhoun. But while he waits for the fallow-deer in a world of long bracken, and midges, and birch trees, he has leisure to note some curious sights. "In one single August morning I have seen no less than eight woodcocks flushed, each carrying a young one curiously huddled up between its beak and feet; and, on another occasion, one ran up within a yard of me, snapping its bill and making

a curious hissing noise when I picked up its half-grown baby, which, it is needless to say, I had no intention of hurting." The chapter, "Out of the Depths," is a vivid narrative of a search for the rare sea-rush (*virgularia mirabilis*), and for once the naturalist wholly displaces the sportsman. Incidentally there is a description of a sight even now uncommon, and soon, I fear, to be unknown —a drove of Highland cattle swimming the half mile of water which separated them from the mainland, the first stage on their journey to Falkirk Tryst.

I have said that the best part of the book is the salmon-fishing, and that, *mirabile dictu*, it is a drought in which the best basket is made. Drought, indeed, is in my experience a misfortune which seldom troubles the West Highlands, for the old statistical account by the minister of Lochcarron is still true:

> "We have not fine materials,
> And our account is plain;
> Our lands and purling streams are good,
> But we have too much rain."

The Add is a little river which in its lower courses flows through a large peat-bog, and, which, says Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, rises and falls with the swiftness of a speculative stock-exchange security, since all the surrounding hills are drained with deep sheep-drains. Here you fish with droppers, which would be risky in most streams, and though you cannot expect a Tay thirty-pounder you may catch a multitude of fish with proper care, even in bright days when the water is low. Nothing but a morning's frost and a steely sun make success impossible in Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's opinion; but then Mr. Gathorne-Hardy is an angler of old experience. His book is charming in many ways—for its varied pictures, its genuine enthusiasm, its catholic temper, and, not the least in my eyes, for its devotion to the riverside, which is the sign of the true fisherman. "Man, I'm an angler," said Thomas Tod

Stoddart once in surprise to one who foolishly asked him what his profession might be; and Mr. Gathorne-Hardy, who is many things, might make the same answer. He recalls the heat and dust of a September session in London with the thermometer at 85° and the drone of voices in the House. "But in fancy," he says, "I am absent, plodding along the well-known bank, the whistle of the curlew and the plover sounding in my ear." Ah, that whistle of the curlew! It is the old accompaniment of the tune of "Over the Hills" which the Piper's son plays for ever in the ears of those who love the moorlands.

Sir Herbert Maxwell[1] has given us a second series of his month-by-month memories of sport and notes on natural history. The book seems to me one of the best of its kind. A naturalist's calendar, when it is not a bare record of figures and Latin names, is too often a vapid sentimental chronicle, whose chatter about the beauties of nature leaves the reader cold and wearied. But of Sir Herbert Maxwell's skill and encyclopædic knowledge few need to be reminded, and he writes of salmon and sycamores, deer and *Coleoptera* with the same unfailing literary grace. His enthusiasm, indeed, is of the magnetic sort which readily communicates itself to a reader, and he has the art of instructing without tedium, of moralising without a hint of dogma, and—greatest of all—of gossiping about his own experiences without a taint of egotism. He is a northern Gilbert White, more accomplished and adventurous, with wider interests, but with the same kindness for every plant and bird and beast which comes his way. The *Memories* are a complete year-book to the wild life of Scotland, and to many other things is no way Scottish. Sometimes he speculates on protective coloration, or pleads for window-boxes in town, or talks pleasantly about Scrope and Tom Purdie. I could wish that his eloquent

[1] *Memories of the Months.* Second Series. By the Right Hon. Sir Herbert Maxwell, Bart., M.P., F.R.S. London: Edward Arnold.

words on the protection of beautiful wild birds from *Monsieur le plumassier* and the need for a close time for trout in Scotland and some limitation of the stake-nets in the interests of salmon could be read by all whom they may concern. As a defender of field sports, too, Sir Herbert Maxwell takes the proper line, and, as a lover of nature, pleads that only by this means beautiful and curious animals can be preserved from extinction. But he is naturalist first, sportsman afterwards. "At the beginning of the great frost in February, 1895," he writes, "I was fishing in Thurso. A brace of beautiful wild swans came up the river, and offered to light on the pool beside which I was standing, but on seeing me they flew on. My gillie said he thought they would settle at a place higher up the river, and urged me to get a gun, for I would get a fine chance at them. I turned and said, 'Do you know that if I were to get twenty guineas for every swan I bagged I never would fire at one of them?' He looked half amused, half incredulous, but many sportsmen will understand my feelings."

With February the fishing chronicle begins in Caithness and ends by Tweedside in November. Salmon, sea-trout, may-fly, dry-fly, harling, the great loch-trout—it is a most catholic epitome, and in the well-told tale of success and failure there are many delightful little sketches of landscape. One is of the wet streets of the little town—presumably Newton Stewart, half an hour before sunrise on a March morning, whither the London express brought the author to fish the Cree. And there are others, of the Lea and the south-country chalk streams, of the Tay at Dunkeld where the salmon had "gone temporarily off what little heads they had," of bleak Caithness lochans, and of the profound birk-shadowed waters of the West Highlands, the "Happy Isles where letters come but thrice a week in fine weather, and in foul weather not at all." He believes, he tells us, that the "only worthy, blameless, and altogether honour-

able ambition of man is the capture of salmon and trout with the artificial fly," and who would not agree if he had the chance of following sport not only in the short autumn but at all seasons of the fishing year? What man can read a passage like the following without un-Christian envy?

"The air of the Engadine is exhilarating, that of Norway in June is divine, and early summer on the Loire is not amiss; but for downright loveliness—for dewy sparkling mornings—for basking noons which parch not—for long-drawn gloamings lingering into the brief lucid night of the north—give me, in July, the western land pierced with long winding inlets from the ocean, the mountain purple with heather on its seaward face; on its landward aspect falling sharply among green lawns and grey cliffs, feathered with birches, into the secret glen."

But best of all I like the chapter on Tweedside, the Holy Land of the fisherman, where every stream has its historic name and every pool is storied. The Haly Weil, the Jock Sure, the Bloody Breeks, the Dark Shore—the words are redolent of romance, and if you care nothing for the great deeds of Thomas Tod Stoddart and Scrope, you have such modern exploits as that of the late Mr. Liddell, who at the age of seventy in one day on Birgham Dub slew eighteen salmon whose aggregate weight was about 350 pounds. And there is a spirited tale of a friend of the author's who in a November gloaming above the Monk's Ford at Dryburgh, fishing with single gut, captured a salmon of forty-two pounds.

I have left myself no space to speak of the admirable account of deer-stalking at Corrour, and such sketches as the white-tailed eagle of Cairnsmore and the death of the old grey fox of the Fleet. The notes on the animals in Knoydart are interesting, and Mr. Gathorne-Hardy will be glad to learn that on these shaggy hillsides the true wild cat and the marten are actually increasing. Lastly there is a

picture of a Galloway funeral, done with an art and a reticence most grateful to those who remember the vulgarities which attend the subject in recent Scottish fiction. Sir Herbert Maxwell has written a book which will please every lover of wild Scotland, for he has shown that care for the survival of beautiful wild things and that catholic temper of enjoyment which are the true marks of a naturalist and a sportsman.

John Buchan.

The Shubilee—A Highland Yarn.

Reported Verbatim.

I'LL tell ye what, sir; there's nae use whatefer spending oor time fishing here, so ye'l put oot yer minnow an' I'll put oot ma oars, and we'l gang to the ither side o' the loch, and the laddie can sit quiet in the pow. We had petter get to the fishing pank afore yon pig man frae the other iins *fortiter occupa portum*, as Horace says. When was't I got the Latin, were ye sayin'? When put in the College o' Glascow many's the year syne. Hooch, hooch! them was the tays. They're telling me that there's to pe a shubilee at the College this year. There was a shubilee keepit in the kirk doun pye, but I tid not co. I heerd it was the sillar they was after—let them alone for that. But I tur say it will pe different at the College.

Ay; I wes hearing that the College is a ferry grand place now, but whan I was there it was a plack-looking hole in the High Street. Many's the tay I swallowt mi porridge standing hot to get in time for the Latin cleese, and had to rin toun the prae from Weaver Street, and a' the poys calling colley dug after me.

Hooch put he wes a grand man Ramsay, wes professor. I mind his bit prayer yet. He put it up as if he wad compel the Almichty. Ay; he couldna aye

compel his students though. There was a lad frae Paisley they callit Hiliarity hed a disput wi' him apout a translation. "I will not pe spoken pack to py my students," says he. "Drap it then," says Hiliarity.

Put he was a ferry fine man, too, and keepit gran' order in his cleese. You'll perhaps a heard o' Bob Logic. Man, I heerd he was ance a meenister, and whan he got the shair he purnt a' his sermons. He had some gey clefer lads in his cleese. There wes Helius Amond an' Ludovicus Campbell wes first-rate. Ay; there wes a student frae Ardnamurchan read what he ca'd a socraatic tialogue apout keepin' the Sabbath. The lads made an awful noise, put he keepit on apove it a' just as if he wes plawing on the pagpipe.

There wes wan tay we a' gaed to see a wuman hangit—ye see young folk maun hae their amoosment—and auld Bob wes ferry ankry, and said he wad hae us a' afore the Senaatus. Hooch! hooch! there wes a man wi' a paald hed and a large family used to come to the Latin cleese every year. He hed a soda-water estaaplishment in the Gallowgate. Some o' us gaed yince to gie him a veesit. He was ferry hospitable, and enterteened us wi' his own making, and we wes ferry ill the next tay, put we voted him the twenty-fourth prize in token o' our cratitude. Yer minnow is sticking in the weeds. Ye'l need to tak' it in and clean it.

I aften woner whan I'm on the loch whar a' the chiels is was wi' me at the college. Maist o' them deed, I'm thinking (*mors omnia vincit*). Ay; there wes three Poyds. Their feyther wes a meenister in Glascow. They hed round faces same as aples. They caud ane o' tham moon, an' the ither half-moon, and the little ane quarter-moon. An' there wes twa chiels cam frae an island in the Wast in a herring smack, and they tied her up aboon Shamaickay pridge and lived on poard and walkit to the college every tay. An' there wes twa lads o' auld Norman o' Saint

Columpus Kirk. Yin o' them was high like the tower o' Papel or the seceeder o' Lepanon. I was hearing he pecame a creat man an' a goot man too, which is petter. The other yin wes preaching in oor parish kirk last year put I tidna heer him. Ye see it wes the market tay that week, and I wasna vara reeligious tisposed, put the wife wes saying he tid no that pad, and his hed as white as my ain.

Ye've got a fush on. Tak' care or ye'l lose him. There he is to ye; an' a good troot he is. Oh me the tay! it was the Chaartish riots whan I was at the college. I mind seeing tham broking open the shops in Puchanan Street, and I heerd the Riot Ac' read in front o' the Exshange. Some o' us were made speecial constaples, and got patons and marchet through the streets, and they gied us porter and pread and cheese in ane o' the kirks for a refraishment. *Dulce est desipere in loco,* ye ken.

Ay me the tay! Ye'll maype have heard o' Jampus, was professor o' moral pheelosophy? Ye see he had twa legs, ane short and ane lang, and that was what they caa'd him. Ye wad heer him caming stap, stap across the coort. An' there was a creat teacher o' mathemaatics they caa'd Tew, that peing the way he spoke Two—same as we ca' twa toun here—he peing from the North o' Ireland. His son wes in the neytural philosophy. He's now a Lord; that's what he is, an' they tell me he can amaist work meracles. It's he 'as fand oot the way o' speaking to the folks in America pelow the sea. Ay, it's wonderfu'. I likit him rael weel, an' if he cam' this way I wad pull him the hale tay on the loch for naething. He uset to put the names o' his students on pieces o' paper and keep them in a pox on his dask, and he wad tak' up a piece and ca' oot the student's name for examination. There wes an imputent fallow slippet out his own name, and wesna caad for many a tay, put yin tay, tae his creat

surprise, he was caad up when the Professor was at the boord to continue the teemonstration.

"What wull I to next?" says the Professor.

"Extent the line," says the man, as pold as the prass, and him hanking pack to get some other lads to tell him.

"What line?" says the Professor.

"Aa Bey," says he.

"That will to," says Thomson, wi' a smile on him same as an angel.

Hooch! hooch! I'm aften wontering what's cam o' wee Shack frae Irvin. Man, he was a clever laddie. Are you saying he's a professor? Weel, weel, I'm gled to heer it. I might hae got on weel tae myself, put I hed a pit faut, an' the Presbytery was ferry hard on me. *Humanum est errare*, ye ken.

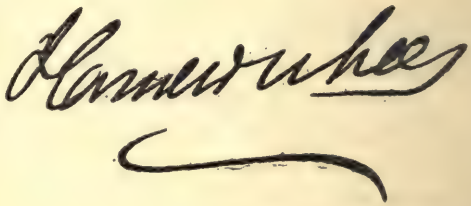
Man! yer ower young to mind Principal Macfarlane o' the High Kirk. I occasionally gied him a day's hearing, as he gat me a pursary. He uset aye to tak a glas o' the sherris wine after his deener. They caad it a whitewash, pecause he said it gied him three hundred and sixty-five gleses in the year, and a ferry good reason it was. He had a singing man in his kirk—the same as keepit the college reading room. The lads caad him Peelzepub. They were weel acquaint wi' ther pibles in those tays; much petter than now, I'm thinking.

Oh tear me! I canna help laughing whan I think o' the fight we had wi' the polis in Alpion Street *cedant arma togae*, sae to speak. The students proke toun a gate wes a short cut to the college an' the professor o' laaw tald thame that this wes a right o' way. I got a clour on ma heid and the mark is there yet. While's I feel whan I get on the talking o' these things same as if I wes in the kirkyaird and the ghaists all round me. Auld Hill, the professor o' Deveenity, and auld Ramsay, and the Pedellus an Pop Logic in his grand

silk goon and glofes on his haans. He was vara parteecular apout his put on. He wes a regular auld bo, though they say he couldna apide the leidies, *vaarium et mutapille semper faemina.*

Ay; I wes hearing there's a nefoo o' Ramsay in the college the now, crows gey like the auld cock. There's some goot hands there they're saying. D'ye think if I wad write they wad send me a card to the shubilee? Ay ther'l pe plenty coing there—shampeen may pe—though it's try enuf here. Thank you, sir; your goot health. Ye can pegin to cast noo; gosh me, the laddie in the pow hes peen pusy at the writing.

[Reported by the "laddie at the bow," shorthand writer on the staff of the *Tobersnorey Chronickle.*]



In Church.

SOME went to hear the Dean,
And some to praise and pray,
But neither this nor that, I ween,
Took me to church to-day;
I went to see the shadowed light
Around your forehead play.

And the good man droned and read,
And his voice fell soft as dew,
And many a solemn thing he said,
God wot, I had need of too;
I heard, indeed, but I gave no heed,
For my thoughts were all with you.

His sober words did seem
But things of little might,
A summer stream, a lullaby dream
Bearing him out of sight,
For there were you in the window-pew
And the world was surely right.

The light shone dim and quaint
Through Peter, James, and John,
And many another pictured saint
Goodly to look upon,
And strange, but true, it was on you
That all their faces shone.

Light on the carvings rare,
On the oaken figures old,
But most of it lingered in your hair
In an aureole of gold,
And I thought and thought what hardly ought
And hardly need be told.

William Gow

Angus Macleod.

THIS is the true story of Angus Macleod, whom the New Regulations (as I am told) have made impossible. I hope it is not their sole achievement.

Angus I first knew in Middle Humanity, when he was in his second session. He was haled up one morning for a construe or a prose or something, and succeeded in giving a new and vivid rendering of the rôle of uninspired idiot, already essayed with some success by others of the class. He was fairly tall and stooped slightly, and when suffering an oral, he buried his head in his text-book, and gave himself the appearance of a baffled interrogation mark. His face, like his memory, seemed for the time being to become a blank, and as he stood, his lower jaw sank gradually, while what were understood to be his answers came in a dismal unvarying voice that would have been admirable in the Ghost in "Hamlet." Altogether Angus on his first public appearance in the Middle Latin presented a sorry picture which might have touched even a professor's heart, and did send a glow of smug satisfaction through those others who had been playing the idiot as aforesaid. They might be bad enough, but they were not as this hopeless Hie'landman.

Angus's subsequent performances did not show very marked improvement, and after two or three tragic orals, the Professor was moved to let him mercifully alone. In due time we discovered that he was gravitating towards

THE STUDENT INTERRUPTED

"Hey, Sandie, your kye's in the corn!"

the Church, and agreed, with our engaging youthful arrogance, that this was as it should be: the Mission to the Highlands and Islands would provide him with a field where Latin mattered not, nor Greek neither, and where his native Gaelic would be all in all. And there was no more to be said about the Macleod.

A little later I got to know Angus—when and where I cannot now recall, but probably it was while we were both browsing in the reading-room. He came, he told me when he grew familiar, from Ardnaclutha—the most westerly point on the Scottish mainland, if I do not confuse it with some other geographical expression of my school-days. His father was a farmer in a moderately comfortable way, and Angus an only child. He would be about 21 at that time, and I gathered that the idea of the Church as a possible calling for her son was a late inspiration of his mother, which a bent towards books in Angus helped to encourage.

Before coming to the University he had received a very little tuition from the schoolmaster, who was by no means a village Crichton, but did his best to instil into the youth what Latin he himself had not forgotten, some Mathematics and English of an antique and bookish type. Angus's first winter had been, he confessed to me, full of disillusionment and tribulation, for, with his insecure foothold on English, he found the study of Greek (from the alphabet), Latin, and Mathematics fall short of exhilaration. But there was plenty of plod in Angus, and what he knew at the end of the session he knew thoroughly. When I met him at the beginning of his second term, he was still sadly handicapped by his unfamiliarity with conversational English, and so in orals made those lamentable appearances of which I have already spoken; but in the written examinations, where he got some little time to think in Gaelic, he did better.

Now in the old pre-New Regulation days there was a

bursary, by name the Lorimer, which was awarded as the result of a quaint examination. The bursary still remains, I doubt not, but the New Regulations, which I am given to understand have no sympathy with the merely quaint or picturesque, must have laid unhallowed hands upon the examination. Men were eligible for it as they passed from the drudgery of the classics to the serene atmosphere of philosophy, and would-be bursars had to profess a knowledge of the Logic Professor's hand-book to the Cartesian system, about a hundred pages of his own monumental Institutes, and an English Literature text-book, which gave, in half-a-dozen lines to each, the "characteristics" of a catholic array of authors, from the Venerable Bede to the honeyed Tennyson. In his study of the Calendar Angus came upon this bursary, and a sudden wild idea that he might go in for it fastened upon him. He got the books (they were always to be had second-hand), and, at the end of the session, took them home to Ardnaclutha, and spent the long peaceful summer in silent and uncomplaining wrestling with them. He worked at them precisely as he had laboured over the *Anabasis* and Livy, and when, in October, he packed them once more in his bag and set out for Glasgow again, he all but knew them by heart.

He did not get the bursary. It went (as usual) to a versatile and fluent gentleman, who had begun to read for the examination six weeks before, and who filled three books of answers what time Angus was painfully struggling through one. Then those who had scoffed at his daring felt justified of their scorn, though in this they were somewhat premature; for, when the result of the first Logic examination appeared, Angus was found to be in the dizzy position of second in the list.

A day or two later additional bursary appointments were posted, and Angus Macleod's name was set against the Exchequer Bursary. I sought the Macleod out and

proceeded to congratulate him, but he did not take it very well, indicating indeed that he thought it a poor sort of joke. Even when I had dragged him to the board he remained unconvinced, refusing to believe that—the age of miracles being past—he, who had not entered for any bursary but the Lorimer weeks before, could now have been awarded an Exchequer. Nevertheless the name was indubitably there, and the appointment duly attested by the Professor of Logic, to whom went Angus next morning after lecture.

Angus's account of that interview—the only one he ever had with a Professor—was not without humour. He said that when he went into the retiring room the Professor looked at him encouragingly through his great bushy eyebrows.

Angus explained that he had come to ask if he was the Macleod who had been granted an Exchequer bursary.

The Professor's lips pursed, and a glint of laughter showed in the fine grey eyes—it was, after all, rather unusual to find a man uncertain as to his own identity. "Well," he said, "I have no sort of doubt about it, for my own part. I put you in for it after you did so well in the examination, the first man having a bursary already."

And then Angus's English villainously deserted him, and even the Gaelic in which he murmured his thanks was rather indifferent. But he went straightway to a print shop in Sauchiehall Street and bought a photograph of the Professor of Logic, which I make no doubt he still has.

During the next eighteen months I saw but little of Angus, for we had ordered our classes differently. I could see from the class lists, however, that while he did not repeat his meteoric flight into the second place, he never achieved a mark which would make conversation with him embarrassing. Then it happened that I encountered him one night when we were both taking

an airing. I had an examination on the morrow, and he likewise; but Angus was not worrying about his. That I discovered when, as we walked, he began to discuss diffidently the great question of religious doubt generally, and becoming more confidential, unbosomed himself with regard to special and intimate doubts which had assailed him. I heard it all with a growing sense of amazement—this was a very different individual from the dull student who had been voted a fit and proper person to confirm the always robust faith of the Highlands and Islands.

It is clear to me now that I could not have been very helpful. To begin with, I may not have taken Angus in this mood very seriously and may have fallen back on the theory that the Highland mind—like the Lowland—must at some time find it necessary to adjust its beliefs to a broadened outlook, and that when the operation was well over Angus (and incidentally the Mission to the Highlands and Islands) would be none the worse for the disconcerting experience. So I let Angus talk himself out in his slow, hesitating way, in the belief that some of his troubles would appear less formidable when they became articulate. But as he went on it became evident that he was taking his perplexities very much to heart—that he felt himself to be at the parting of the ways. Whereupon, being concerned for my friend's future, I resorted to transparent sophistries, as that the Bible was a big book which offered all but very fastidious persons a fair amount to believe even if a good deal had to be rejected ; that the Church, especially in the districts in which he would be called upon to labour, needed the leavening tolerance which he could introduce, and that it was always open to him to attach his own private interpretation to uncomfortable and uncongenial doctrines.

Angus was not impressed. It was easy to say that the Bible was accommodating, but how if one began to disbelieve right at the start? It had gone so far, he said,

that but for his mother and the bursary, he would give up all thought of the Church. I indicated that the bursary would soon find another holder.

"It is not that," he hastened to explain. "But it would take me through the Divinity Hall, and when I got it it seemed like the hand of Providence. That will be the Celt in me, I suppose. Now it seems as if I were about to fly in the face of the Almighty. Perhaps you will call that superstition, but all Highlanders are superstitious."

I did not call it superstition or anything else, and being anxious that Angus should remain in the Church, I said nothing to weaken the force of its appeal to him. None the less when I left him, after recommending a course of Carlyle or Emerson or something equally fatuous, it was with an uneasy feeling that the mother in Ardnaclutha was little likely to see her darling ambition realised.

I have not met Angus since that night, but from a common friend I learn that he is earning 25s. a week as a clerk in the city. His folks are dead, and a cousin has the farm at Ardnaclutha. But Angus has sufficient for his simple wants, and, living where the unmelodious clatter of the class-hour bell stirs within him pleasant memories of old days, is not discontented with his lot.

And so, as I cannot think that he is a son of whom the University has any reason to be ashamed, I do not grow enthusiastic when I am told that the New Regulations have made Angus impossible.

Dan Scott.

The Heavenly Geometry.

HAIL, mighty Presence! styled Geometry
By mortals, but among the wiser gods
Some loftier title bearing, and a meed
Of worthier praise. No voice articulate
Had broke th' eternal stillness, and no ray
Lit up the weltering chaos, when thy hand
First traced the framework of the universe,
And fixed the stars. From thee, great law-giver,
All things received their ordinance. At thy word
The eddying atoms hushed their strife, and sped
Each to its place allotted. Th' elements
Were the glad ministers of thy behests,
And universal Nature owned thee lord.
Still throned thou sitt'st, brow-bound with many a sign,
And emblem of thy mystic sovereignty,—
Triangles, squares, and circles rounder far
Than the white sun, or moon with perfect orb
Gold-laden to the brim. Number and Form,
With fair Proportion, are confederate
To do thee manifold service. Heav'n's wide vault
Is instinct with thy breath, and to thy voice,
Albeit inaudible to grosser ears,
The pulses of the planets are attuned.
Who first, and in what high enraptured hour,
Saw glimpses of thy glory half revealed,
No records tell, and idle Fancy, roaming

Thro' the dim-lighted chambers of the Past,
Vainly explores; but grave philosophers—
Pythagoras, and Plato, and the rest—
Guessed thee divine, the primal architect,
And Demiurgus' helper from the first.
Ah! Blest are they who, cumbered not with cares
That fret the spirits of passion-wildered men,
Drink ever deeper at the secret springs
Of knowledge, and, in contemplation rapt,
Ponder the volume of thy lore occult.
These earthly votaries of thine thou deem'st
Not all unworthy of thy fellowship;
And, in the end, their quickened souls shall catch
The murmur of thy spheral harmonies.

G. Todd

Notes.

"Critics."

TWO neighbours threw their windows wide
  To catch the breath of early June;
And in the tender eventide
  Both listened to a blackbird's tune.
And while he piped his rich refrain
Upon the bough between the twain,
  The one exclaimed, "How glad, how glad!"
  The other sighed, "How sad, how sad!"

"Tired."

The town's at its worst in the fairest of weather,
  The light only shines with a feverish glee,
For oh! I have dreamed of the hush of the heather,
  And oh! I have fancied the sound of the sea.
Oh, give me a day in the garden untended
  By all save the wind and the sun and the rain,
To solace my soul with the hills unascended
  And smile at the waves that beat upward—in vain.

"Solace."

Oh, summer wind, that comes at eve
  With sweetness drawn from flow'rs of foam,
To touch me softly and relieve
  The fever ling'ring in the gloam,—

You kiss my face as one who cares
  And cannot speak because so kind . . .
Whence do you come? . . . From earth's far airs—
  Or farther still, oh, summer wind?

"In Love."

Shall I rejoice or sigh regrets
  For every blue-eyed blossom
Of those sweet-natured violets
  That dream upon your bosom?
Their bloom is gone, their days are told,
  Yet—if your heart can hear me—
Give me your flow'rs that I may hold
  The Spring for ever near me!

J. J. Bell

Stray Recollections of the Old College in 1855-57.

THE request made to me to write a few lines about the Old College as I knew it forty-four years ago is a request with which, did time permit, I would comply by writing at some length, for there was much to admire and remember in the College of those days, much very different from the conditions that prevail to-day. I should have liked to describe the venerable court which we entered from the High Street under a low and sombre gateway, and the fine old Faculty Hall, and should have gladly paid a tribute of gratitude to some of the famous professors, and in particular to Edmund Lushington, the most refined and cultivated of scholars (who, after his retirement, was elected Lord Rector); to William Ramsay, a man of singular force, vivacity, and brightness, most stimulating to his pupils; to Robert Buchanan, whose lucidity of exposition and skill in catechetical teaching made the six months which men spent in the Logic class-room a time never to be forgotten. These were the three with whom I was most in contact, and all of them were teachers who would have done honour to any university. When I went to Oxford I found in its much larger staff no three superior, if indeed any three equal, to these three men of whom Glasgow was then proud.

GATEWAY OF THE OLD COLLEGE, HIGH STREET

So, too, it would be pleasant to tell of the hard-fought Rectorial elections of those times, and of the topics we discussed in the debating societies, or in strolling between class hours round the wide open space of green that lay behind the Hunterian Museum. But time fails me to dwell upon these matters. Let me content myself with naming a few of those who were most eminent among the students of that time. There was abundance of talent, much of it of a high order, and had I at hand a list of the classes I could doubtless mention others besides those whose names are most fresh in my memory.

Among the older students five were conspicuous. One was Robert Flint, now Professor at Edinburgh, full of learning and power. Two others were the two Macleods —John, the deeply regretted minister of Govan, whom we admired both for his literary and for his oratorical gifts, and Norman, now Moderator of the Established Church of Scotland, who has worthily fulfilled the promise of his youth. There was also George M. Grant, with the Highland gift of natural eloquence, who had come to us from Nova Scotia, and returned to North America to become the honoured head of a Canadian university. There was also an Englishman who won high distinction in mathematics and physics, Joseph D. Everett, afterwards for a long time Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Queen's College at Belfast. Somewhat younger were two men for both of whom a brilliant career was confidently predicted by their friends, George Rankine Luke and Alexander Brown. Both went to Oxford. The former, who had won the highest prizes both in Glasgow and in Oxford, was drowned in boating soon after he had been appointed to a tutorship at Christ Church; the latter died a few months after his arrival in India to which he had gone, after gaining a high place in the Civil Service Competition. Both were men of fine character and rare gifts. Among my immediate

contemporaries there were W. W. Hunter, whose books on India have made his name famous, and P. S. Menzies, son of the parish minister of Maybole, a man whom no one could know without liking, who was called to a pastorate in Australia, and won renown there as a preacher of unusual eloquence and charm. Both of these have passed away. A third, whose reputation for scholarship was even higher happily remains to us, I mean Donald Crawford, lately M.P. for Lanarkshire, and now Sheriff of Aberdeenshire.

Nor must I forget another man of remarkable philosophical and oratorical power, who, though he bore a Scottish name, came from Wales, Ralph Abercromby. He held one of the bursaries which brought students from the Nonconformist communities of the south to Glasgow, since the two English universities then still placed Dissenters at a disadvantage. Some of the ablest students of the time I am describing were thus led to Glasgow. They made up for the disappearance of what had been in the earlier half of the century a large and valuable element, viz. the students from Presbyterian Ulster, Irish in name, but more than half Scotch in blood and speech. When the Queen's College had been set up in Belfast about 1847 these Ulstermen mostly ceased to cross the Channel to worship the muses at the shrines of the old motherland, and a useful tie between Scotland and Ireland was broken.

Class prizes were in those days awarded by the votes of the students, a singular plan, which worked much better than might have been expected. Sometimes a man who ought to have got a second prize got a third, and sometimes a man got a fourth prize who ought to have got none at all. But, as the old judge said, when reviewing the business of his circuit, and mentioning that some verdicts were given for the defender which ought to have been given for the plaintiff, and some for the plaintiff which ought to

have been for the defender, concluded that on the whole justice was done; so our professors used to declare that on the whole the prizes were well allotted, with no more of personal partiality than human nature must needs sometimes yield to. They were specially well allotted in those classes where the excellence of the professional teaching gave ample opportunities for real merit to be discovered, as was always the case in the Latin, Greek, and Logic classes under the three admirable teachers whom I have mentioned. These class prizes were competed for with great keenness. Indeed it is hardly possible to imagine a more stimulating intellectual atmosphere than was that of the University in those days. If there was anything wanting, the want lay in the absence of adequate opportunities for familiar personal intercourse between professors and students, and of the like opportunities for students to form with one another those abiding friendships for which a certain amount of leisure and frequent occasions for meeting out of class hours are needed. Probably the conditions of the new College are in this respect more favourable than those which surrounded us in that ancient building to which those who remember it always look back with unfailing affection.

James Bryce

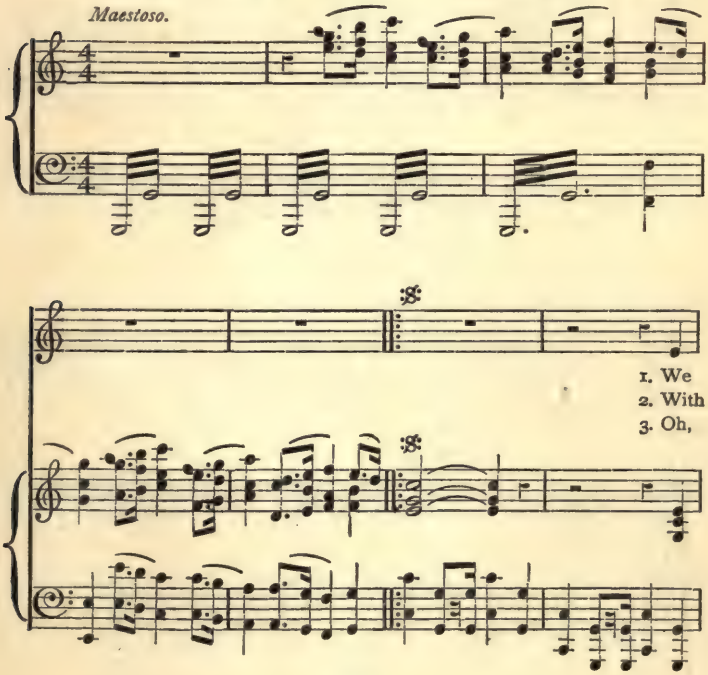
J. J. Bell.

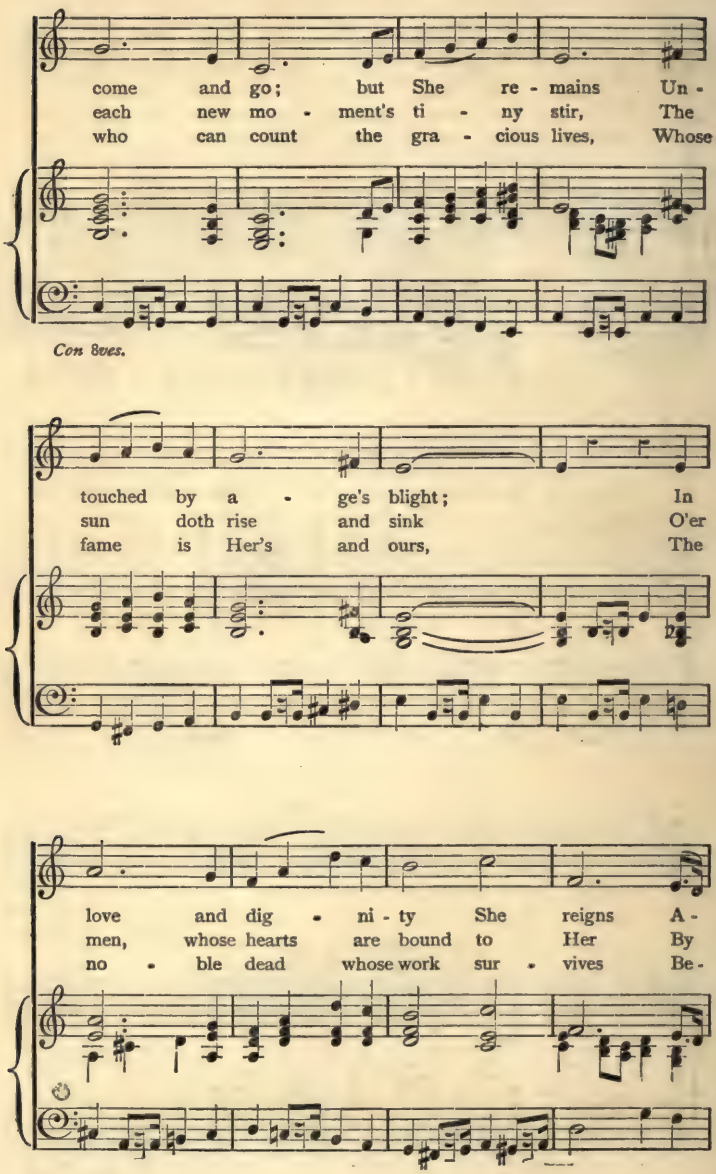
John B. McGowan

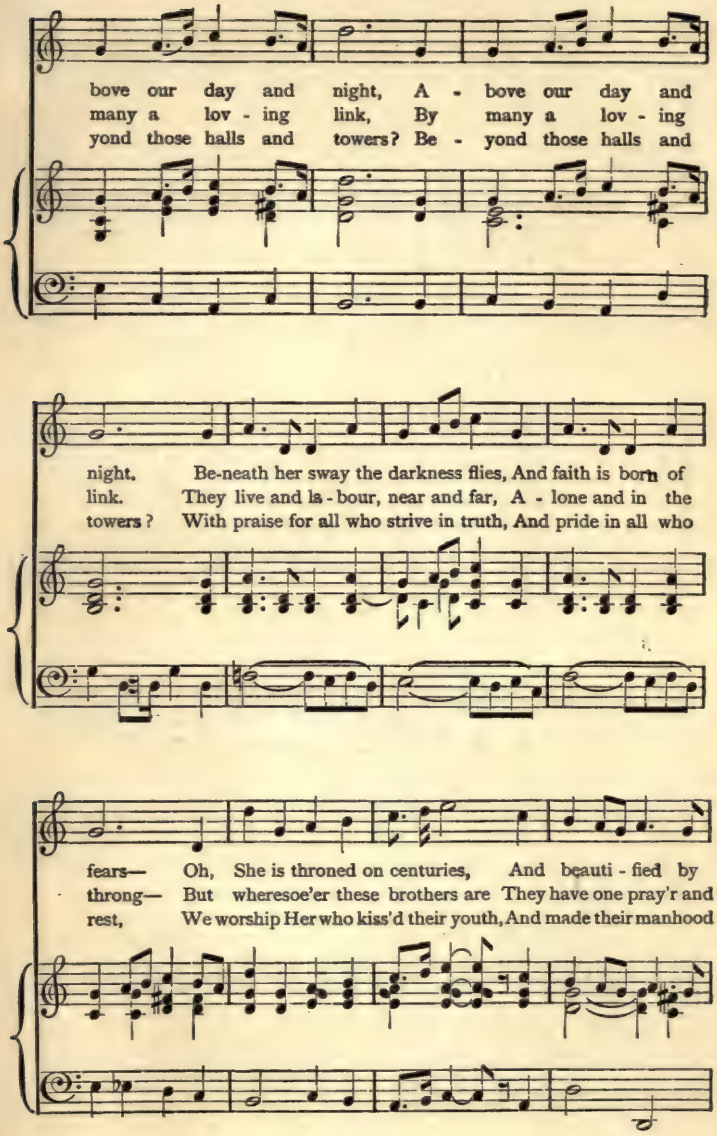
FLOREAT ALMA MATER.

Written by J. J. Bell. Music by J. B. M'Ewen.

Maestoso.




come and go; but She re - mains Un -
each new mo - ment's ti - ny stir, The
who can count the gra - cious lives, Whose
Con 8ves.
touched by a - ge's blight; In
sun doth rise and sink O'er
fame is Her's and ours, The
love and dig - ni - ty She reigns A -
men, whose hearts are bound to Her By
no - ble dead whose work sur - vives Be -


bove our day and night, A - bove our day and
many a lov - ing link, By many a lov - ing
yond those halls and towers? Be - yond those halls and
night. Be-neath her sway the darkness flies, And faith is born of
link. They live and la - bour, near and far, A - lone and in the
towers? With praise for all who strive in truth, And pride in all who
fears— Oh, She is throned on centuries, And beauti - fied by
throng— But wheresoe'er these brothers are They have one pray'r and
rest, We worship Her who kiss'd their youth, And made their manhood

years!
song.
blest!

Come, let us honour Her, Sons of to-

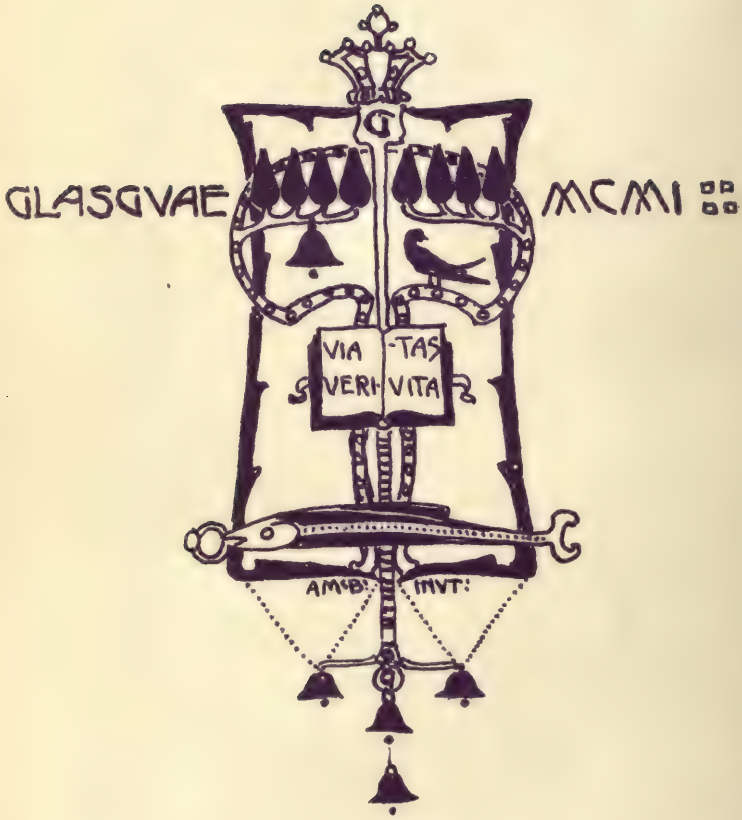
day, Sons who re - turn a-gain, Sons grow-ing

grey,— One song for all to sing,

One prayer to pray,— Flor-e-at Alma

Ma - ter, Al-ma Ma - ter! *Dal.* 𝄋

Last time.



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